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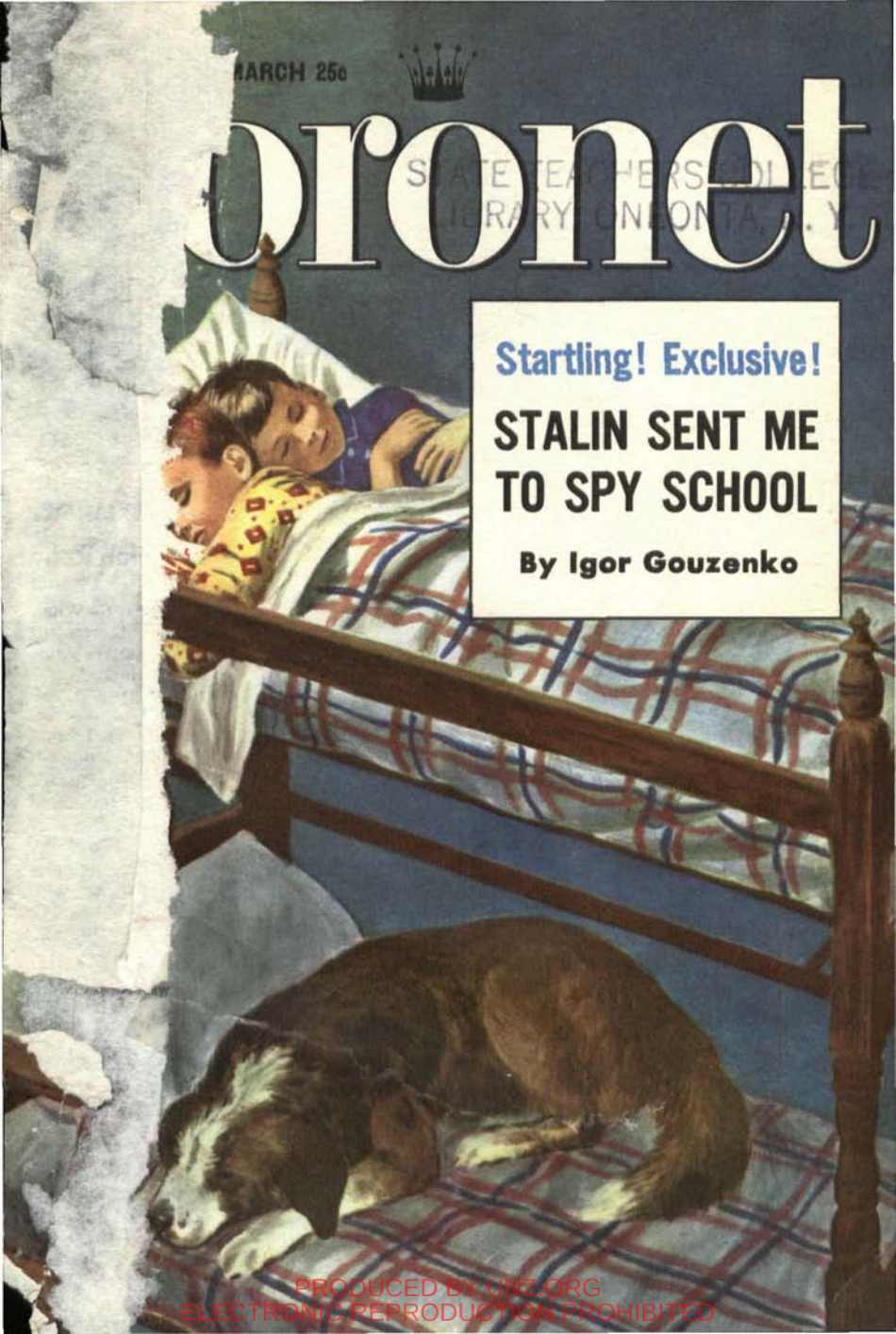

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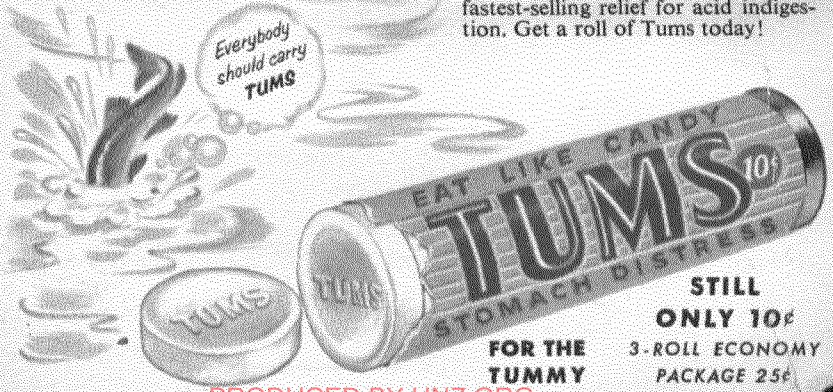

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MOVIES

THE MONTH'S BEST...

King directs Peck in *Kilimanjaro*

A GENERATION OF film enthusiasts has alternately thrilled, tittered and been profoundly moved by the movie mastery of a tall, scholarly-looking director named Henry King. His achievements, beginning in the lean days of the silents when he was writer, producer and actor as well as director, include such epics as 20th Century-Fox's *David and Bathsheba* and *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*. A thorough-going perfectionist and planner, King built a whole town in Kansas for one picture, a network of mountain roads for another. He rehearses every scene meticulously before signaling, "Roll 'em!" Once a film is finished, King climbs into his cabin plane and crosses the country, gauging public opinion. "In the end, the people make the final judgment," he says. As Coronet's guest reviewer, he chooses:

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA

A mature and emotionally valid study of marriage and adjustment, this film is one of the year's greatest. Shirley Booth repeats her superb stage characterization, while Burt Lancaster, in a different kind of part, comes through with flying colors. This is a movie of which Paramount can be very proud.

JEOPARDY

Fine screencraft and first-class direction are manifest in this MGM thriller of compelling suspense. Trapped by a fallen wharf beam with the tide coming in, a man (*Barry Sullivan*) sends his wife (*Barbara Stanwyck*) for help. So the stage is set for taut drama, and a climax of inspired originality.

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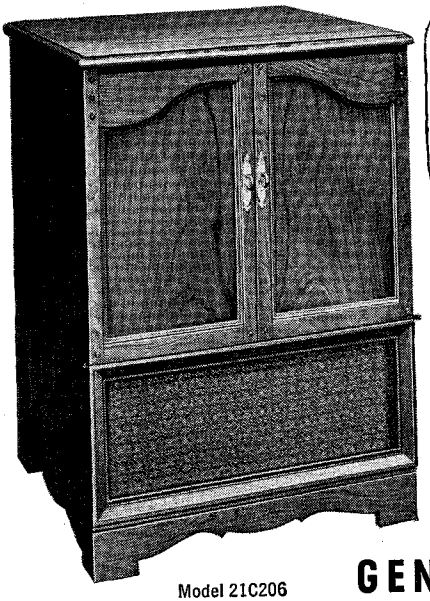

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Salespeople can wait on only one customer at a time. Their job is easier, your shopping pleasanter, if you wait your turn.

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Credit: Posed by Florence Freeman, Nat Polen, Tess Sheehan, Rod Hendrickson, Hal Studer, Doris Grundy, Bill Griffis of CBS Radio show *Wendy Warren and the News*. Photographed in Grand Union Market and John Wanamaker's, New York.

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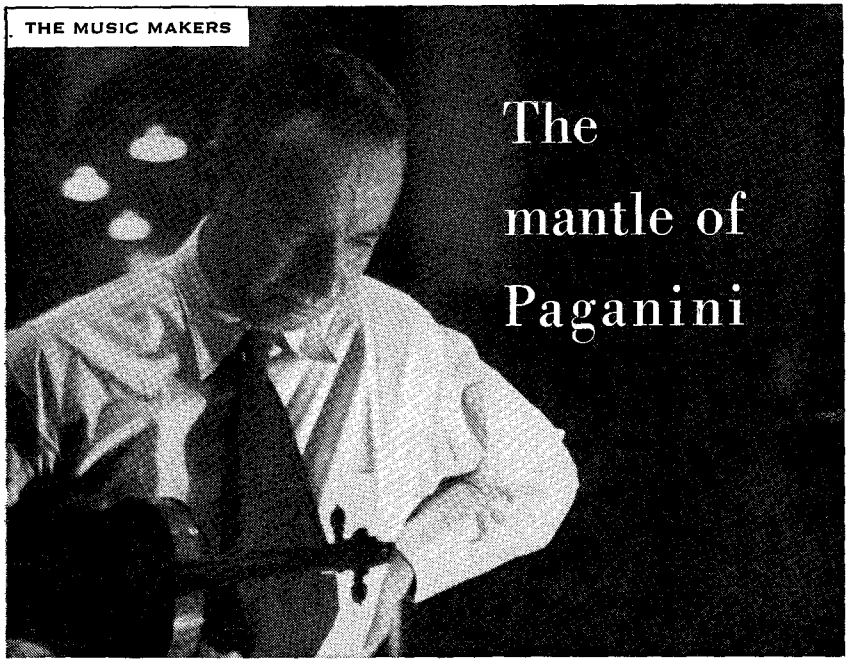

The mantle of Paganini

IN THE folklore of the violin, the role of Paul Bunyan is usually assigned to a villainous-looking 19th Century Italian genius named Niccolo Paganini. In appearance Paganini was Svengali-like rather than Bunyanesque—a hollow-cheeked, lank-haired spectre with wild eyes; but, like the legendary Paul, he specialized in doing the impossible with the greatest of ease. Paganini simply did things with the violin that could not be done with the violin, and when he had breezed through all the toughest pieces in the standard repertory, he began to compose his own, the most famous of which is the lusciously tuneful Concerto in D Major. Rival fiddlers, after hearing Paganini play his Concerto, would stumble to the nearest wine-shop and bite the necks off bottles. In their pique, they started the rumor that Paganini had traded his soul to the Devil in return for his fiendish technique—a yarn which old Niccolo, who had a modern sense of public relations, did his best to encourage.

If the ghost of Paganini has been seen looking pleased lately, it is because his Concerto can again be heard as it has probably not been played since the composer laid aside his bow. The fiddler is a 47-year-old Frenchman with a priceless Italian violin, an international reputation, and a house in Massachusetts. His name is Zino Francescatti, which is pronounced something like "Francis Scott Key" without the "k." He wears the mantle of Paganini not

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only by the consent of most critics, but by inheritance. Francescatti's father, from whom he learned to play, was a pupil of Sivori, who was Paganini's only direct pupil. The Paganini tradition was thus a live thing in the Francescatti household when Zino, aged three, began sawing away at a pint-sized fiddle.

At five, he was playing classical concertos although he had not learned to read music. At ten he gave a public performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, a composition which causes grown fiddlers to quail, since it involves 45 minutes of nearly continuous playing. Some thirty years later, Francescatti repeated the Beethoven Concerto at a recording session which Columbia's musical director describes as unprecedented in his experience.

"Zino had just got through playing two other long compositions, and I knew he was tired. This Beethoven piece, aside from technical difficulties, is a terrific physical strain for the performer. So I said, 'How about doing this some other time?' He said, 'Come on, let's try it.' Then he started playing.

"It was the most remarkable thing I have ever heard. The notes kept spinning out and out and out. The tempo, the tone, even the cadenzas —absolutely perfect. I'd look at my watch and think, 'Twenty minutes to go. He can't keep it up.' But he did. I don't think there's ever been another record of that length that was played straight through on one take. It was the performance of a thoroughbred—a man so perfectly trained to do one thing that he *can't* let himself down."

Francescatti's dazzling technique (he was recently clocked playing 2800 notes in less than four minutes) is a result of lifelong specialization. He recalls that his father, a fine musician, never had time to become a great one because he was busy collecting monkeys, sea shells, pictures of the Holy Family, puppets, and—in one moment of rapture—a giant turtle. Zino has accordingly limited his own distractions to working out chess problems in the World-Telegram and to solving the Times crossword puzzles for the betterment of his English. Unlike some perfectionists, he is unfailingly relaxed in his manner, and in the concert hall he creates a slippers-and-fireside atmosphere that leaves his audiences completely charmed. The only thing that upsets him is the American etiquette of wishing a performer good luck before a concert. Francescatti is bred to the European method of outwitting the gremlins, according to which the artist is invited to break all his bones.

All the famous Francescatti performances are on Columbia Records. We envy you the thrill of discovery if you've never heard them. Go listen; and may you break all your bones.

These Are My Latest
By Zino Francescatti

Prokofiev: Concerto No. 2 in G Minor
George Szell conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra

Bach: Concerto No. 2 in E Flat Major
George Szell conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra

Bruch: Concerto No. 1 in E Flat Minor
Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York

Paganini: Concerto No. 1 in D Major
Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra

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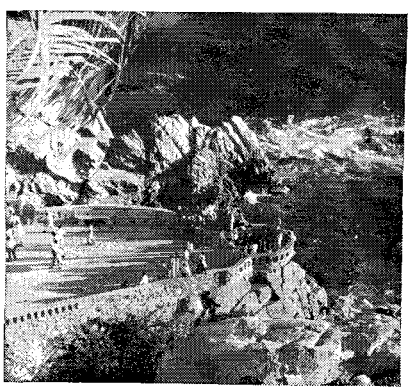

ACAPULCO: Quaint streets, intriguing market place, moonlight bathing and summertime in March—all this lies just a few air-hours south of the border.

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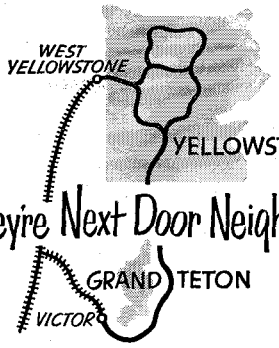

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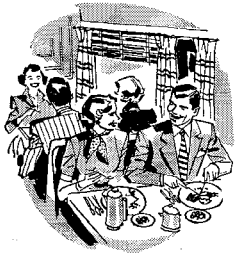

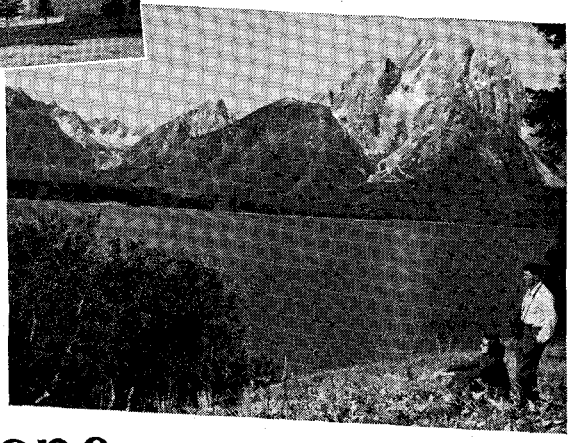

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FAMILY GUIDEPOST

Money and Your Child

IT MAY COME when your child is four or not until he is eight, but sooner or later he will pose the $64 question: "Are we rich or poor?"

Most children are interested in money because it is one of those big-sounding subjects that they hear parents talk about. Yet rarely until a direct question is put to a parent is money ever discussed frankly *with* the children.

As with all such "mysterious" matters, questions should be answered at the proper time, for in the education and development of a child, a proper evaluation and approach to money is a vital matter. The basic rule is simple: don't evade questions; don't complicate matters. Talk freely in terms your child can grasp.

But explaining is only a beginning. It is the actual practice of handling money that best conveys its true significance to a growing child. For that reason, an allowance should be given as soon as possible. The first school days are an excellent time to start.

I have learned, however, that the allowance itself serves no genuine purpose unless it teaches a child the real worth of money—its use in the purchase of life's necessities. Of course, candy and ice cream are important to a seven-year-old. But if he has spent his weekly 25-cent allowance by Thursday, only his gluttony suffers on Friday, and he will probably have learned nothing from the experience.

Later, as his allowance grows larger, part of it can be designated for clothing needs, school books, trips with his classmates. How quickly it is increased and how much it is meant to cover depends, of course, on individual families and on how thoroughly the allowance is mastered. Actually, its size is not nearly so important as the principles involved and the lessons to be learned in handling it.

Large or small, your child's allowance should never differ very greatly from what his friends get. Perhaps all the neighborhood parents can get together and do a little "price-fixing," keeping in mind that an out-of-line allowance only serves to set its recipient apart from his fellows, which is tragic in childhood.

Never try to hide the true value of things from a child. If he asks you the cost of a $60 suit, don't tell him it costs $10 merely because you think $60 represents untold riches to a child. On the other hand, don't inflate the value of the bicycle you bought him to point up your generosity or affluence. Even to a young mind, values are comparative and distorted by exaggeration.

What, then, is the answer to the $64 question: "Are we rich or poor?"

It is never, "That's complicated. I'll explain when you're older."

While there is no need to give your child a detailed financial statement of every penny you earn and spend, you will avoid misunderstanding if you offer him at least a general picture of where you stand on the income scale.

When you have made your child aware that although you start with say, $75 every week—truly an astronomical figure to him—so many smaller items come out of that sum that even a 50-cent piece is important, you will have given him a beginning toward understanding a vital fact of life: the management of money.—PATSY CAMPBELL, *star of the CBS Radio daytime drama, "The Second Mrs. Burton."*

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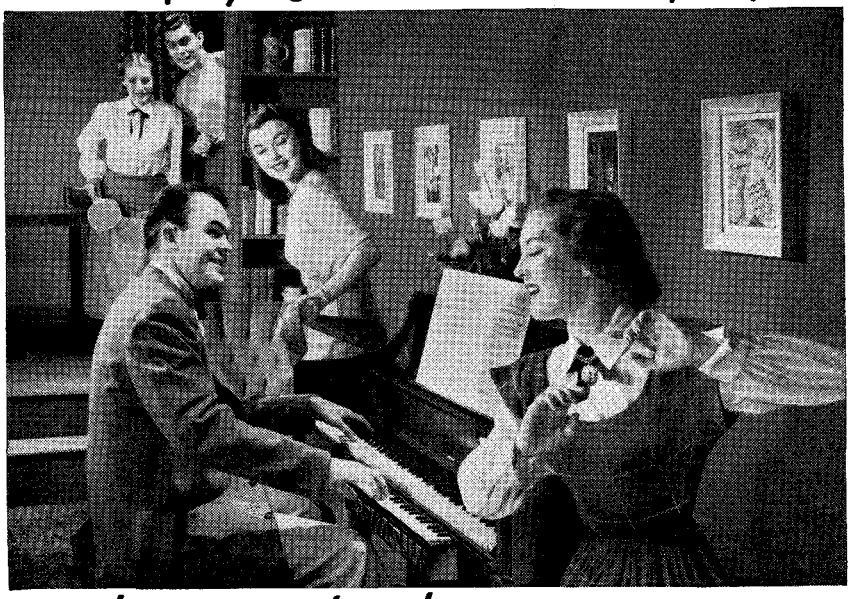
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Tests Prove Glamorene A Rug-Cleaning Miracle

A TESTING LABORATORY isn't always a nightmarish collection of test tubes and retorts. In this one—the York Research Corporation, official testing laboratory of the American Hotel industry—five men were standing around two carpets, one a rare Oriental, and the other an ordinary wool broadloom. Both rugs were about as dirty as they would get in a high-traffic spot in an average home. But they weren't dirty enough to suit these men.

All five men were industriously chewing gum as one of their number smeared black shoe polish deep into the rugs. Three of them had great gooey handfuls of black grease, freshly gathered from the elevator machinery. When the shoe polish had been rubbed well into the two carpets, these three set to work with the dirt-black grease. One of them hesitated a moment at the thought of rubbing this into the $5,000 antique Oriental rug—then shrugged his shoulders and went to work. Now there was one more thing to do—drop the chewing gum on the carpets and push it deep into the pile.

This was supposed to be a test—but it seemed more like wanton destruction of valuable property. The group continued to watch as the leader brought out a glass jar and a long-handled brush. He sprinkled a moist pinkish compound, rather like finely ground sponge, over the two carpets. Taking the brush, which had extra-long, brown fibre bristles, he carefully brushed this stuff deep into the pile of the carpets. And that was when a magic show started right before their eyes. A magic show that Blackstone or Houdini couldn't match! For as he brushed, the spongy substance turned dark. The grease and the shoe polish simply disappeared—as if by trick photography in a movie. It took only a few minutes to go over both rugs with the brush, and only the compound—and the chewing gum—remained.

Fifteen minutes after starting the test, the compound was dry. The men attached the vacuum cleaner, and went over the rug like any housewife. They vacuumed up the now dry and discolored compound—then put a little extra on each wad of chewing gum. Another few minutes and the gum, now hard and no longer sticky, was easily lifted off without leaving a trace.

Still incredulous, the group looked closely at the rare Oriental. But it was hard to believe it was the same Oriental. It was bright and fluffy as new. No tell-tale rings. No trace at all to show where the grease, the shoe polish, the chewing gum had been.

Even the testers were impressed. They had been doing this sort of thing for weeks—testing over a hundred different types of rug cleaners and shampoos, in more than a thousand tests.

"This test was a re-run," the leader explained. "We couldn't believe it the

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first time. So we went out and bought another jar at random—and added a few new touches, like that cable grease. Used that rare Oriental, too. We've found that for Orientals, wool, rayon and nylon rugs this beats them all. It takes out all kinds of non-indelible spots, including foods and beverages, grease, tar and chewing gum. Never shrinks the rug, and leaves no rings. We've never seen anything like it."

"What is it?" a bystander asked. "When is it coming on the market?"

"It's called Glamorene Rug Cleaner," the chief technician replied. "It's new all right, but it *is* already on the market. Organizations with real rug cleaning problems are using it—like American Airlines, and hundreds of movie theaters all over the country. The American hotel industry—with over six thousand members—uses it on our recommendation. And now Glamorene is being made available to the general public."

One of the laboratory technicians reported that he became so enthused about this rug cleaner himself, he bought a jar of Glamorene and one of the special long-handled long-bristled Glamorene Rug Brushes. He found that Glamorene comes in three different sizes—and a jar big enough to clean two 9 x 12 rugs costs only $2.29. He went home, and to his wife's astonishment, started to clean the living room rug.

He found it was true, all right. Found out why they sell you a special brush, too. Glamorene is like moist sponges that have been ground up really fine. It contains a combination of detergents and cleaning agents that dissolve dirt and grease on contact, then absorbs them like blotting paper. For best results, you've got to get it down into the pile. That's easy with this long-bristled Glamorene brush. But ordinary scrub brushes just clog up without giving Glamorene a fair chance to do its best job.

When he even removed a spot where his small daughter had scribbled with crayon in the middle of the rug, his wife was sold completely. "Why didn't you bring this home before?" she demanded. "It's wonderful, last year our rug cleaning bill for just those two rugs was over $20.00."

That was late in 1950, and her enthusiasm has been duplicated by so many women since then, the manufacturers of Glamorene have been hard-pressed to increase production to keep up with the demand. As new Glamorene factories have sprung up, Glamorene has become available in all leading department stores, food, drug, hardware, rug and variety stores. It has become the biggest-selling rug cleaner on the market, by a wide margin. More than four million housewives have seen Glamorene's amazing results for themselves—although probably few of them have thought of testing it with cable grease!

As the business booms, the manufacturers have had quite a time deciding what to feature in their advertising—but have finally decided that the kernel of the story is "Dry clean rugs as you vacuum! Brush in—vacuum off. New rug brightness in seconds."

Actually, according to York Research, they have another startling claim they can make—and prove. The tests showed that rugs cleaned with Glamorene remain much cleaner, absorbing far less additional dirt, than brand new carpets, or carpets cleaned by any type of detergent, cleaning fluid or shampoo for home use.

Wonderful "ammunition" for further advertising there! But Glamorene will probably never use it. They're sure people will say "Oh—that's just another exaggerated ad." They'll never believe it—until they try Glamorene themselves!

(ADVERTISEMENT)

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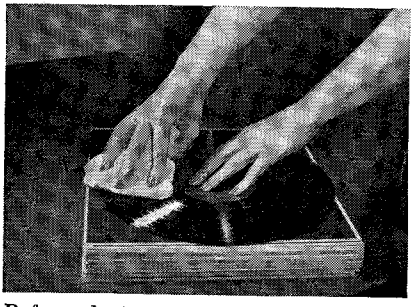
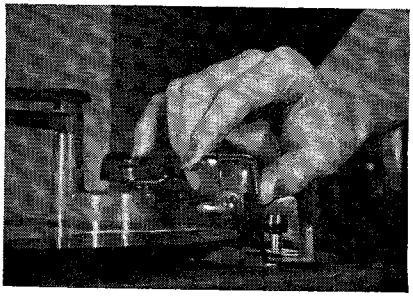
MUSIC

Rx for Records

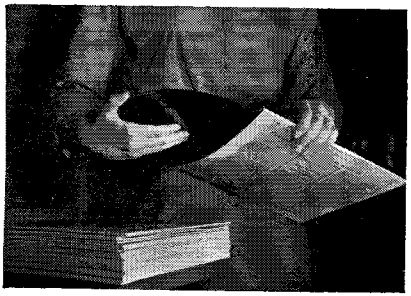


Before playing, wipe each record lightly with a soft, slightly damp cloth to eliminate static electricity and dust.

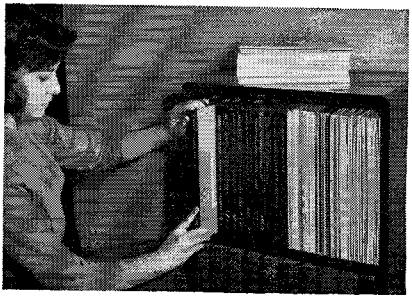
There are only two ways to handle a record: by the edges or by one edge and the center. Never put fingers on the grooves.



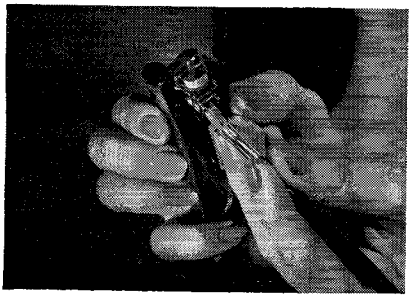
Practice setting the needle arm down as lightly as possible on the ungrooved edge. It saves needle and record.



Sliding records against jackets dulls ridges and tone. Always buckle the jacket when inserting or removing discs.



Record albums should be stored vertically; single records either vertically or in flat stacks, but always covered.



Clean the stylus with a medium-soft brush after every few playing hours, or with a gentle flick of the thumb.

Photographed at Liberty Music Shop, New York.

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Look AT THE STYLING

3 "Looks" tell why Admiral is your best TV buy

Look AT THE PERFORMANCE

Bigger, better, *steadier* pictures with the amazing Super Cascode Chassis . . . *UHF reception guaranteed.* See this brilliant performance in Model 322DX16 with 21" non-glare picture . . . "TV-Integrated" radio . . . Super "600" phonograph . . . in hand-rubbed mahogany Regency cabinet!

21" TV AS LOW AS $199.95

Look AT THE VALUE

Admiral WORLD'S LARGEST TELEVISION MANUFACTURER

FIRST IN VALUE • STYLE • PERFORMANCE

Prices include Federal Tax and warranties—subject to change without notice.

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SANDWICH IDEAS...from the KRAFT Kitchen

New dress for an old favorite!

EGG SANDWICH COMPANY STYLE

To serve six: Chop 6 hard-cooked eggs. Mix with 1 c. diced celery, ⅔ c. *Miracle Sandwich Spread* and seasonings to taste (salt, pepper, cayenne). Cut small rolls in half and fill generously with egg salad. Garnish with crisscross pimento strips and serve on lettuce with ripe and stuffed olives.

With dressing, spread and relishes *all* combined for you by Kraft, *Miracle Sandwich Spread* makes "child's play" of sandwiches — and many salads. And what wonderful flavor this spread adds! It's the one and only flavor of famous Miracle Whip Salad Dressing plus special spicy relishes. Easy-spreading, easy on the purse, try *Miracle Sandwich Spread* soon.

Miracle Sandwich Spread is also available in Canada

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Coronet
Vol. 33, No. 5. March, 1953
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

The Best Way to Spend $100

by MARTIN PANZER

THE WORLD SEEMS to be full of men and women who go through life in a state of almost constant annoyance at trivial things and happenings. Somehow, they feel that life is conspiring against them by throwing in their path little obstacles that rob the day, and often the night, of joy, happiness and peace of mind.

What kinds of obstacles? Well, take the case of Larry Stevens, a typical American husband, who undergoes an endless series of irritating ordeals because of a weakness in his plan for living. Let's start with him on a regular Monday morning and follow him through a day of self-inflicted annoyances:

From his first conscious moment on arising, he is aware that something unpleasant looms ahead. It is his daily shave, and it is going to be an unhappy chore because he likes to get as many shaves as possible out of each blade. Today will be the ninth shave for this particular blade. Which means that his skin will be chafed and nicked—an harassment that will stay with him all day long.

After his shave, Larry experiences another irritation. His shoelace snaps and he doesn't have an extra pair in the house. Since he has neglected to have his other shoes shined, he solves the problem inadequately by tying a knot in the broken lace. The chances are that he will be self-conscious about this, too, for the rest of the day.

He manages to get to the office on time, but somehow he doesn't feel happy about it—or about any-

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thing else, for that matter. The irritations of the early morning are carrying over.

By lunchtime, however, he feels a little more cheerful. He is hungry and looks forward to the pleasure of a good, relaxing meal. Unfortunately it is raining, and because he doesn't want to get his suit wet and wrinkled, he stands under a store awning downstairs, waiting for the rain to let up.

By the time he feels safe to venture out, there are only 15 minutes of the lunch period left. By this time he is so nervous and upset that he is no longer hungry. He races to the drugstore, grabs a sandwich, swallows it in chunks, and gulps his coffee. By 3 o'clock, he knows he will have heartburn.

NOW ODDLY ENOUGH, while Larry was gulping his coffee, his wife Gladys was taking an aspirin to alleviate a splitting headache, resulting from the fact that nothing had gone right that morning. Larry had squeezed the last bit of toothpaste out of the tube. Her last pair of nylons had been spoiled by a run when she put them on.

When she started the toaster for lunch, the fuse blew and she didn't have another on hand. Either she would have to run out and buy one, or they would be without lights that evening. Meanwhile, food in the refrigerator would spoil.

Why do people make themselves so unhappy so often, and for such trivial reasons? Because it has never occurred to them that for a trifling sum—say, $100 a year—they can change their whole mode of living. They have never stopped to think that for a few cents a day, they can find more contentment and peace in life than are enjoyed by those who spend fortunes on traditional forms of luxury.

If Larry Stevens had planned his life properly, how different that Monday might have been for him and his wife! He knew that he could count on two perfect shaves in his favorite double-edged blade —the first one on each edge. At a cost of about 2½ cents a day, or only $9 a year, Larry could have had a smooth and painless shave every morning.

The annoyance caused by the snapped shoelace might also have been avoided. For a dollar, Larry could have bought enough shoelaces to last him for several years and put them in his bureau drawer. Instead of being unpleasantly upset, he would have derived a sense of gratification from his foresight, and his whole day would have been more enjoyable.

For a few dollars, Larry could have had an extra umbrella to keep at the office. Pro-rated over four years (the average life of an umbrella), it would have cost about a dollar a year for the extra protection. But suppose it might happen that on occasion, both umbrellas would be left at home? What then?

Why not walk calmly out into the rain without an umbrella? Perhaps the rain *would* wrinkle his suit and make it necessary for him to get an extra pressing at a cost of about 40 cents. If it happened ten times a year, it would cost him $4 extra. But how much annoyance he would be spared, how much anxiety he might avoid!

As for Gladys, what would it have cost to have a pleasant morn-

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ing instead of one that ended with a headache? Practically nothing. She had to buy stockings and toothpaste and fuses, anyhow. Instead of buying these necessities one at a time, she could buy them five at a time. Five tubes of toothpaste meant an investment of about $2; five pairs of stockings, about $7; five fuses, 30 cents.

For this modest expenditure, she would experience a sense of luxury and satisfaction every time she needed one of these items. What is more important, there would be an indirect improvement in her relationship with Larry. No matter how hard she tried to be objective, she was bound to feel some slight resentment against Larry when she found that he had used the last of the toothpaste. This and other annoyances might very well carry over into her subconscious, and make her greeting less cordial on his return from the office.

There cannot, of course, be any definitive statistics on happiness and unhappiness. It is probably safe to say, though, that bereavements, illnesses, financial reverses, disappointments in love and other such major misfortunes account for the deepest unhappiness, while endless little annoyances and frustrations account for the most frequent unhappiness.

Petty annoyances are like drops of water: they can wear away anything they touch—the hardest rocks or the toughest nerves. If you cut by half the number of drops that fall on a stone, you double the time required to wear away the stone. By the same token, if you cut by half the number of petty annoyances in your life, you save and spare by that much your mind and your body.

Why not, then, start today to reduce the number of little nuisances in your life, especially since the cost is so low? For about $100 a year, you can use a brighter bulb for reading and have extra bulbs handy when old ones burn out; you can have enough shirts so that you won't always be racing between the laundry and your last clean shirt; you can have a dozen extra bars of soap and a dozen extra packs of tissue always handy; you can have 25 three-cent stamps available so you won't be stuck when you have to get your letter out in a hurry; you can install a telephone extension in another room or even on another floor so you won't always have to run to answer the telephone or to have privacy for conversations when you desire it; you can have three clocks in the house instead of one; you can have an extra pen and a dozen pencils and a dozen blotters available for the moments they are needed; you can have a carton of 50 match books in a drawer so you'll have a light when you want it.

You can also have 100 bobby pins, a dozen needles, 1,000 pins, a dozen spools of thread, 100 buttons, three bottle-openers, an extra ice-cube container, two spare pocket combs, extra iodine, bandage, cotton and other first-aid items; you can have a hammer and a pair of pliers and a screw driver and some nails and tacks and picture wire, so you can do odd jobs around the house without calling in a carpenter; you can have enough hangers

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in your guest closet so you won't be annoyed every time you have a few more guests than usual; you can have spare cuff links so you won't be late to the office because you have to look for your only pair, which has been mislaid.

Why not try this new idea for happy living? Add to the list if you want—and think how each little item will insure more serenity and comfort, and how all of them together will revolutionize your life—make you a better, less tense, more tolerant and happier person. It may even give you so much more zest for living and doing that it will pay dividends in actual cash.

When you feel good, you do everything better. And when you do everything better, you naturally make more money. It might even happen that $100 spent to eliminate petty annoyances from your life will bring a cash profit greater than any you have ever made before.

Isn't the investment small enough to make the risk well worth taking?

Ingenious Expedients

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, during his famous diplomatic visit to France, was returning to his Paris lodgings one evening when he realized that he had forgotten his money. When the cab stopped at his doorstep, Franklin climbed out and apologetically approached the driver. "Look, my good man, may I trouble you for a match? I've dropped my purse on the floor and I can't seem to find it in the dark! As it has several thousand francs in it, I....."

And that's as far as he got. The cabbie's whip descended on his horse's back and the vehicle rattled away quickly into the night.

—*Wall Street Journal*

A PROCESS SERVER whom Thurston, the magician, had managed to evade successfully for a long time, attended one of Thurston's exhibitions. When the magician invited a committee from the audience to go up on the stage, the server joined them and presented his summons without any difficulty. —ELEANOR C. WOOD

WHEN A REFRIGERATOR manufacturer held a lavish "open house" to unveil a line of new models, the secretaries of several hundred dealers in the area were sent orchids and a note saying, "Thanks if you'll remind the boss to attend." Virtually all the dealers came.

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

A LITTLE GIRL came home from her first summer-camp experience. She had received various awards for woodcraft, hiking and such. Among these awards was a small star. Her mother asked for what achievement the star had been awarded.

"For having my trunk packed neatly when we came home," was the camper's reply.

Her mother remarked how nice she thought that was.

"I hadn't unpacked it," the little girl explained with a smile. —*Grit*

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Vote for Victory

by KATE SMITH

THE SUMMER of 1859 burned over the U. S., adding its heat to fiery passions already sweeping the country. In the North and in the South, on street corners and courthouse steps, frenzied orators fanned the tempers of their audiences.

Across the nation the three-headed specter—Slavery-Secession-Civil War—cast its shadow. No future could be dreamed, no decision made, no man judged, without reference to the great problem.

Such was the situation when the St. Louis County Commissioners met to appoint a county engineer. There were only two applicants. Both were professionally qualified, neither had special political support. It was a simple problem—one man would get the job, the other wouldn't. But fate decreed that the decision reached would affect tremendously the future of America.

As the meeting opened one Commissioner suggested: "Let's give the job to Sam. We all know him, and we know he needs the job." Others nodded—until one man rose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I like Sam as much as you do. And I guess he would make a fine engineer. But we must remember that war may break out at any time, that the functions of any official may affect military operations. We must not forget that it is our duty to appoint only men whose loyalty to the Union is beyond question. Unless we are sure . . . "

Sam's supporters jumped to their feet, but the speaker held up a hand for silence.

"Let me make plain that I am not attacking Sam's own loyalty. But you know as well as I that his father-in-law is a Secessionist. Sam has been living with him for some time and we know he is influenced by the old gentleman. We just can't afford to take a chance on Sam!"

Sam fumed when he learned why he had lost the job, but he was a man quick to forgive. He couldn't blame the Commissioner. Nor later, could he help teasing the Commissioner about his fears.

In the midst of a war which Sam would win to preserve the Union, he wrote to a friend: "Tell Dr. Taussig that I feel much indebted to him for having voted against me when I applied for the position of road superintendent. Had he supported me, I might be in that obscure position today instead of being Major General."

And signing the letter "Sam"—the nickname used by all his friends—Ulysses S. Grant laughed quietly.

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

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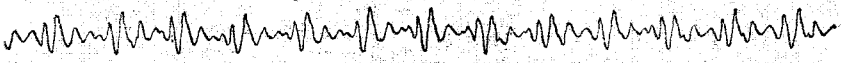
New Weapon Against



HEART DISEASE

by WILLIAM KAUFMAN, M. D.

At last, medicine has a machine which gives *advance* warning of serious ailments

IN THE LONG HISTORY of man's fight against disease, he has vanquished one by one a formidable host of ailments. Yet one illness—heart disease—remains among the great unconquered killers.

We have made progress, to be sure, but mainly in treating heart disease, not in preventing it. Millions of men and women would be alive today if some way had been found to detect oncoming cardiac failure. And other millions, still living, face danger because of sudden, unexpected attacks.

Now, for the first time, medicine has discovered a new method of anticipating such attacks before they occur—a method as simple as it is extraordinary. This has come about, not through a new "miracle" drug, but through the invention of a simplified, accurate and relatively inexpensive instrument which any doctor can learn to use.

The instrument, called the ballistocardiograph, gives information about the force of each heartbeat. With this knowledge, a doctor can make diagnoses which formerly were impossible; he can warn patients *in advance* to avoid those activities that are likely to endanger life by bringing on heart attacks.

It is lack of such knowledge which explains so many cases like that of Harry Draper, a 45-year-old instrument maker who suffered from coronary arteriosclerosis, a disease which gradually decreases the amount of fresh blood available to the heart. For years the victim may have no detectable symptoms, and then suddenly there is trouble—for the patient and his family.

In 1948, Harry, though he felt well, went for his annual physical examination. Dr. Brown, a competent physician, examined him from head to toe. Everything was normal, including an electrocardiogram taken before and after exercise.

Dr. Brown summarized his findings: "Mr. Draper, I'm glad to say that you're in splendid health. I wish all of my patients were as well

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as you are. Come to see me again a year from now."

Draper was delighted. He told his wife and children the good news. But next morning Harry was a little late getting up. He gulped his coffee and hurried to catch the 7:30 bus. Harry ran as fast as he could and barely made it. Just as he was getting on, he felt a severe crushing pain in his chest.

"Do you feel all right?" asked the driver.

Draper didn't want to make a fuss. "I'll be all right," he whispered as he staggered to a back seat —breathless and in a cold sweat. Suddenly he went limp, and died.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER'S autopsy showed that Harry died of myocardial infarction. His slightly narrowed arteriosclerotic coronary arteries had failed to supply enough freshly oxygenated blood to support the strenuous work his heart had to do when he dashed for the bus.

If Harry could have been forewarned, he would have waited for the next bus—and *lived.*

Was it Dr. Brown's fault? No, since in 1948, he had no method of examination available which was sufficiently sensitive to show up this kind of heart trouble early in the course of the disease. He had no ballistocardiograph.

Here is how this extraordinary yet simple instrument works. Each time your heart beats, forcing blood to circulate, it jars your body, causing a succession of tiny quakes. The stronger the heartbeat, the greater the tremor set up.

These mechanical vibrations are almost imperceptible and cause you no symptoms or trouble. (Sometimes, lying perfectly still, you can feel your entire body shake with each heartbeat). However, when these are magnified several thousand times and properly recorded and interpreted, they can give life-saving information.

The ballistocardiograph produces greatly magnified, permanent graphs of these body movements on photographic paper or plastic tape, carrying a time scale. This record is called a ballistocardiogram—a BCG for short. With each succeeding heartbeat there is a series of up and down waves representing headward and footward movement respectively.

The height of these waves, the time at which they occur, and the general patterns they make are significant. Their analysis may give early warning of coronary narrowing, which causes weakness of heart muscle that is not detectable by other methods.

A BCG taken once every few weeks or months may help a doctor to recognize improvement in the mechanical force of heart muscle in persons with heart disease who are responding favorably to medical or surgical treatment.

A BCG may confirm the diagnosis of heart trouble made by other methods, or it may help rule out a serious heart ailment. Such reassurance may be a great source of happiness to many patients and their worried families. In fact, modern ballistocardiography is so new that no one can predict its ultimate place in the practice of medicine.

Consider the case of John Whitney, successful 35-year-old businessman. John was a jolly man who enjoyed eating and living vigorous-

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ly. He not only worked hard but played hard. He enjoyed swimming and golfing—and playing an occasional lively game of tennis with his two sons.

At his annual check-up his doctor took a careful medical history, did a thorough physical examination, took an electrocardiograph before and after standard exercise, and fluoroscoped his chest. All these tests proved negative. John was in good health—or so it seemed until the doctor took his BCG.

This showed a weakened heart muscle caused by moderate arteriosclerosis. With exertion severe enough to cause his heart to work strenuously, John was in real danger of having a serious attack.

John was shocked to learn of his trouble, but he was sensible about it, too. He followed his doctor's orders. He had more rest, and lost 25 pounds of excess weight by sticking to a strict diet. He reduced his working load at the office. He substituted other activities for swimming, golfing and tennis. He started to help his boys build a "ham" sending and receiving radio station. And he still participated in community life—but let others do the running around.

As a result of reduced strain on his heart muscle and treatment with certain medications, John gave his heart an excellent chance to enlarge new arterial channels to carry freshly oxygenated blood to his heart muscle to compensate for the decreased amounts supplied by the already narrowed coronary arteries.

BCG's taken several times during the past year have showed that his heart-muscle function has improved considerably. John has been able to resume playing golf—but now he plays a leisurely game. Furthermore, he and his doctor have the satisfaction of knowing that they are doing everything possible to retain maximal health and to prolong his useful life.

ALTHOUGH the word ballistocardiograph was created by Dr. Isaac Starr in 1939, human ballistocardiography had its start in 1877 when J. W. Gordon made the first known recordings of the motion imparted to the body by each heartbeat. He used the crude instruments that were then available.

Dr. Starr and his associates of the University of Pennsylvania have pioneered the modern period of ballistocardiography. Systematic research enabled them to describe the normal patterns in the BCG, and to show how these differed from the ones found in various types of cardiac disease, and even in some conditions which only indirectly affected the action of the heart, such as over- or underactivity of the thyroid gland.

Since the doctors of Dr. Starr's research team were the first to systematically use the BCG in studying heart function, they are the first to study normal patients over a period of ten to fourteen years to ascertain what changes, if any, normal aging produces on the BCG. They found that normal aging has a definite effect on the BCG, but that this is slight compared to the changes which occur in persons with coronary artery disease.

These changes with aging show that as a person grows older, his heart ejects blood more slowly than it did in youth, indicating some loss

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of strength of heart muscle with increasing age.

Ballistocardiography is at the same relative stage in its present development that electrocardiography was in the early 1920's. Although an enormous amount of information concerning BCG's has already been accumulated, it will take many decades to chart the full field of usefulness.

Today, doctors realize that no single method of study of cardiac function is infallible. Although through the BCG, the doctor acquires unique and valuable data about the workings of the heart and circulation in health, disease and aging, this knowledge merely supplements that acquired by other methods of clinical study. The doctor must use all methods at his disposal to give the patient the best possible diagnostic service and the most efficient treatment available today for heart disease.

Forewarned by the BCG, tens of thousands of lives might be saved each year, if people under the advice of physicians voluntarily restricted their activities to fit the functional capabilities of their weakened hearts. Such preventive measures must serve us until medical research can discover the cause and preventive treatment of arteriosclerosis.

Until then, the BCG should be used as part of every general physical examination as another valuable method of diagnosis. In this way, the BCG will take its place as an important weapon in our continuing fight against heart disease.

On Acquiring a Dog

ONE OF THE biggest mistakes a person can make in buying a dog is to go to a kennel which offers all varieties of canines for sale. For here, while you have assortment, wisdom leaves you the minute you enter the place.

You, of course, know exactly what you want beforehand. You have some definite ideas in mind as to breed and pedigree. You know just what kind of dog to ask for. But do you ask for it? Ha!

The advent of a customer in the type of kennel mentioned is something which is welcomed even more by the barking inmates than by the proprietor himself. Every bow-wow in the place is out to make an impression upon you, for you are not just a human being, you are a walking meal ticket.

You become entranced with all of them. You pat one and then another. Your hands become sticky with saliva. Then disaster strikes. You fall in love! A pair of soft brown eyes opens your heart and your purse. A deliriously joyful pup is yours.

Once you get him home, a little calmness and reason overtakes you. You look at your new friend. He has no pedigree. His ancestry is doubtful. You must have been out of your mind. Then he looks at you and wags his tail. Your heart melts. Knowledge dawns upon you slowly. You haven't acquired a dog. A dog has acquired you.

—*Wall Street Journal*

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DATES AND DAUGHTERS

by Al Capp

I HAVE TWO DAUGHTERS, both girls —Julie, who is 19, and Cathie, who is practically 16. One recent night, while I was in the den peacefully drawing Luke Scragg trying to cut Li'l Abner's throat, I heard my two children from the kitchen, discussing the important events of the Summer. These important events turned out, not very much to my surprise, to be Boys.

I could understand some of the ordinary everyday words they used like "Bob" and "George" and "Eddie," but there were other words that baffled me, like "drip" and "goon," "panic," "hot ticket" and "big-time operator."

"Kids," I said, "I couldn't help overhearing you use the most fascinating words, describing your dates this Summer. Apparently Julie has dated four goons, one drip, a riot, a panic, two hunks and a big-time operator; whereas Cathie has gone out with three jerks, two hot tickets, one smooth character, two sharpies and no big-time operator —poor kid! What I want to know is—were any of your dates human?"

"Well, that's hard to tell," Julie said. "You see, Pop, they were mostly Harvard boys."

Then they both laid down their peanut-butter sandwiches and explained this whole new teen-age language to me—and I'll explain it to you with the aid of some drawings. Read carefully and you will understand the delicate difference between a drip and a goon. You will never mistake one of your daughter's dates for a smooth character when it is perfectly obvious he is a simple jerk.

DRIP

First comes the DRIP. He's the sort of lad who starts calling your daughter for a date about 11 in the morning. She doesn't say no—not positively. She says, "Well, I've got a tentative date, but if I don't hear from him, I'll be delighted to go out with you."

Now your innocent little daughter is lying to the Drip. She hasn't got a tentative date. She's

From the forthcoming book, *Al Capp's America*, to be published by Simon & Schuster, N. Y. 20.

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just stalling, hoping somebody—*anybody*—will call her. If by evening no one does, she'll go out with the Drip. But she won't be delighted.

Not that the Drip is a bad kid—he might even be nice—but Julie and Cathie explained to me that he just hasn't got it. They didn't tell me what he hasn't got, but apparently something he *has* got makes him a drip. I'd say it was his necktie.

Next comes the GOON. His head is a little more pointed than a Drip, but his tongue dangles in a cuter way. The difference is that a Drip means well, but nothing he does ever turns out right. A Goon means well, too, but instead of things turning out just not right, they turn out *horribly*.

A Drip will take your daughter to a place where the boy she has sworn never to see again is sitting at the next table. But a Goon will arrive for your daughter with the boy she has sworn never to see again—sitting right in his car—with a girl who is considered prettier than she is and whom your sweet little daughter naturally hates.

A Drip might ruin your daughter's evening by taking her to a place where the band doesn't sound like an atom bomb blowing up a slaughterhouse—and you know as well as I do that there's no misery greater for a teen-ager than to be forced to listen to music that sounds like music. But a Goon will deliberately take your child to a place where the singer with the band doesn't moan about little white clouds that lay right down and cry, and that may drive her out of her mind.

But still, either a Drip or a Goon is preferable to the next type—the JERK. With a Jerk, a date doesn't turn out badly by accident. He *plans* it that way. But don't ask your daughters why they go out with Jerks—or they'll tell you. They'll tell you that anything is better than staying home, and you've got to admit that that's a pretty depressing answer.

PANIC

But teen-age life isn't all sordid. There are other types of young men than Drips, Goons and Jerks. There is the gay, witty group, divided into three species—the Panic, the Riot and the Hot Ticket.

Now a PANIC is a lad who isn't naturally funny—but is always trying to be. He gets about one laugh out of every 500 tries. It's those 499 failures that drive you mad. Your daughter will tell you he ought to go into the movies. You may have other suggestions as to where he ought to go.

Now, a step above the Panic in the teen-age wit parade is the RIOT. Unlike the Panic, a Riot doesn't have to try to be amusing; he's just naturally clever, and to prove it, he gets kicked out of a different school every month, gets arrested regularly for stealing brassieres out of girls' dormitories, and is constantly swallowing goldfish—oh, he's a riot, and after about an hour with him, your daughter will wish she were dead.

But if what a girl wants is wit and charm, there's no better date

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than a HOT TICKET. Except that, somehow, there never *is* a date for the Hot Ticket. He's always so busy being just naturally funny that he forgets to line up a girl—but the others are glad to bring him along for the laughs.

Still, the Hot Ticket has the last laugh. He gets so used to never having a girl of his own that he remains a bachelor, and all the other fellows spend the rest of their married lives envying his freedom.

RIOT

So far, I have discussed your daughter's more undesirable or average dates. But, along with the regular run of drips, goons, jerks, riots, panics and hot tickets come the great events. For instance, a Hunk might call one night—or if her luck is running high, a Sharpie. Sometime, maybe a genuine Smooth Character might turn up, and once in a lifetime—the ultimate—a Big-Time Operator.

A HUNK is generally nine feet tall, but his head is only half the size of a human head. Actually, he doesn't need even that much head, but it's the only place he can have a crew cut. Or maybe the reason his head is so shrunken is that the rest of him saps all the vitality down from it.

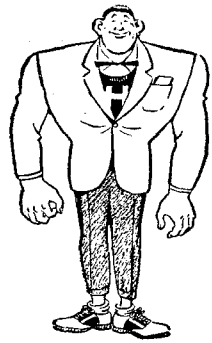
A girl never asks a Hunk where he's taking her. It doesn't matter; she simply sits, worshiping him. To be a brilliant conversationalist, a Hunk never has to say anything. This isn't merely because he doesn't know anything, but because there's no more brilliant sight on earth to your sensitive, intellectual young daughter than to watch his mighty chest just inhale and exhale.

Now even more thrilling than a Hunk is a SHARPIE. A Sharpie has all a Hunk's muscles, plus a suit of clothes that fits him. Actually, you can tell a Hunk from a Sharpie only by watching them as they sleep. You can tell they're asleep if they snore. If they're absolutely silent, they're awake.

A Hunk sleeps carelessly with his pants tossed under the bed; a Sharpie sleeps carefully, without moving his head—because *his* pants are under the pillow with the creases getting sharper and more dangerous every minute.

Now, combining all the savage beauty of the Hunk with the old-world elegance of the Sharpie, plus an extra special something of his own, is the SMOOTH CHARACTER.

Unlike the Hunk or the Sharpie, the Smooth Character isn't so stricken either by your daughter's beauty or her charming personality that he's in semi-shock all evening. The Smooth Character talks—talks about a variety of subjects: how his feet hurt him, how his spine hurts him, how the water pump in his jalopie got clogged up with slime—he talks about all the



SHARPIE

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things that fascinate girls. He is never at a loss for some anecdote about his feet, sacroiliac or car. After a date with a Smooth Character, your daughter may be nice to the next Goon that calls.

And now, the ultimate of every teen-age girl's dreams—the B.T.O. or the BIG-TIME OPERATOR. The first thing you notice about a Big-Time Operator is that he's middle-aged—that is, over twenty. The next thing you're bound to notice is that his fingernails are clean and haven't been bitten, and that's a shock. If your daughter isn't quite ready, he doesn't just sit and read comic books like a Drip—or blast his car horn like a Goon. He draws you into conversations, and frequently displays gleams of almost human intelligence.

BIG-TIME OPERATOR

But don't be too delighted if your daughter is dated by that ultimate of perfection, the Big-Time Operator. It's just this type, the nice, well-mannered, hard-working, intelligent youngsters, that rob us, while we sit by helplessly, while we even pretend that we don't mind at all.

They rob us of those irritating, irreplaceable daughters of ours—they marry 'em!

Gracious Living

I FINALLY HIT a jackpot last night, something I've been trying to do for weeks. I was just lucky, I guess. There was no meeting I absolutely had to attend, no rehearsal, no committee meeting, so I stayed home. For those who weren't so fortunate, I can report that it's a great experience. You get to play with the children, listen to the radio, talk with your wife, read, and fall asleep in your favorite chair. I repeat, it's great. Sometime I hope to have enough time to take up membership in the organization known as the Home. —LENA (ILL.) *Star*

THE LATE SENATOR "Ham" Lewis, whose courtly manner toward women was the talk of all Washington, stood in the lobby of a café where he had just dined. He failed to perceive that he had preempted the place generally occupied by the head waiter, until a very pretty woman entered and approached him. "I wonder," she inquired of him, "if I may have that table over there?"

"Certainly, madam," replied the Senator. "It will give me great pleasure to escort you to it."

At her table, the fair patroness glanced at the menu for a few moments in indecision. Then she turned to Lewis and asked his help. "What do you recommend?" she said.

Smiling graciously, and bowing low, the Senator favored the lady with this wistful reply: "Madam, if I were not married, I should unhesitatingly recommend myself." —*Wall St. Journal*

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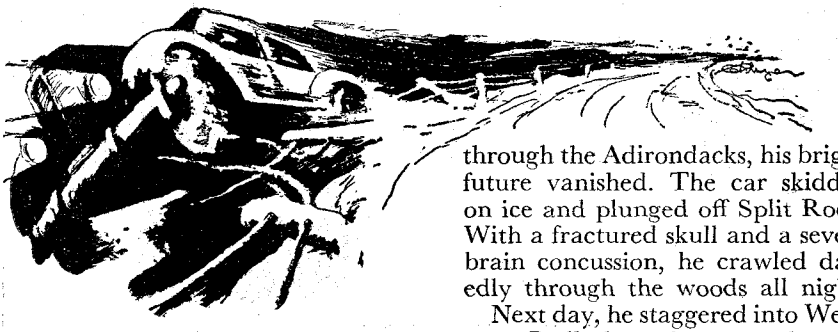
The Bravest Man in the World



by JOHN MAGUIRE

Ed White risked his own life so that others could benefit from x-ray treatments

IN THE GLOWING ANNALS of human courage, there have been many who suffered incredible ordeals and won through. Time and again, it has been proven that the inner spirit can triumph, even when the odds seem hopeless.

Edward White might be just any American, except that his friends think of him not only as a brave man, but as the bravest man in the world.

At 23, Ed White was a sales manager in upstate New York. He had married his childhood sweetheart, Alice Church, and they expected a child. The future was bright.

But one midnight in December, 1930, as he drove homeward through the Adirondacks, his bright future vanished. The car skidded on ice and plunged off Split Rock. With a fractured skull and a severe brain concussion, he crawled dazedly through the woods all night.

Next day, he staggered into Westport. Badly hurt, he never thought to ask for help. Those who saw him, swaying and mumbling, thought he was drunk. He found the railroad station and bought a ticket to Albany, but he boarded wrong trains until, after 20 hours of wandering, he reached home and collapsed.

The brain injuries, the nightmarelike effort to get home—all had terrible results. For six years, he had serious speech difficulties. He walked at times with a shambling gait; he was afraid of people.

Worst of all, he feared the dark. He had to force himself to enter a darkened room, for with each step forward he seemed to be plummeting over a cliff.

Somehow, in those miserable years, Alice White never lost faith. She encouraged him to visit hospitals all over the East. At last, a Syracuse specialist found that the

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fear of the dark had a physical basis. The crash had affected his inner-ear mechanism that controls the sense of balance, and his sensation of falling forward was, therefore, not imaginary.

Corrective measures overcame that fear. However, Ed had a living to earn, and he could no longer hope to sell. Aptitude tests disclosed mechanical ability, but in his years of uselessness, a tremendous desire to serve mankind had inexplicably taken hold of him.

In 1935, a rehabilitation agency sent him to Albany Hospital. Dr. William P. Howard, professor of radiology, explained the need for x-ray technicians, described the work—and suddenly Ed White caught fire.

From the first day, his immersion in his work was almost religious. Yet his early months at the hospital were not easy.

"I didn't walk, I lurched," he recalls. "At times, I couldn't speak understandably, and I frequently went mute."

But he had found his life's work, and despite setbacks, he picked up skill rapidly and as rapidly overcame his physical defects and lingering fears. He showed such promise that he was sent to study at General Electric's x-ray division.

In 1937, after only two years, the hospital made him chief technician. When it established a training school for technicians in 1940, he began to teach. His reputation grew, and soon he was at the top in his field. The future once again stretched bright and inviting.

Then, in the early hours of an April day in 1942, the dark fate which seemed to have forgotten him brushed past again. And it was the manner in which Ed White met his new ordeal that makes his friends look upon him as the bravest man in the world.

FOR A YEAR, Ed had been developing an invention to protect patients from possible overexposure to the powerful rays that can cure or kill. His idea was to insert electrical filters across the aperture that emitted the rays. The filters were connected to controls.

That Spring, Ed was breaking in a 200,000 kilovolt radiation-therapy machine, and equipped it with his filter interlocks. In its shakedown run, the machine short-circuited and blew out the x-ray tube.

For 36 sleepless hours, Ed rewired, reconditioned and tested the machine. At 4 o'clock in the morning, bone-weary, he was finishing the operating tests. Yawning, he noticed a spark jumping a gap between a filter-contact point and its corresponding point on the machine frame.

Undoubtedly his hours without sleep caused his momentary lapse. The last test made had been with the controls set to operate without the filters. Groggily he reached in with his right hand and filed the stubby contact to a fine point, while the deadly rays streamed silently onto his hand.

He left the radiation room like an automaton, half asleep. Then he came fully awake with a start. The control meters outside the room showed that the tube was operating. He realized instantly what had happened, but he didn't panic.

He returned, inserted the filters and methodically repeated the fil-

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ing operation, timing himself. The remorseless second hand made three complete sweeps. Three minutes—180 seconds. Not a long time, as most of life is measured, but with x-rays you count in split-seconds.

For three full minutes, he had received 4,000 roentgens at a distance of, say, two inches. Ed figured he had six months to lose the arm, if he were lucky and the radiation didn't actually kill him.

He turned off the machine. No need to wake Dr. Howard or the others. They needed their sleep, and nothing could be done, anyway.

As he prepared for bed, he smiled grimly. A one-armed x-ray technician? It was possible. But there wasn't too much time to practice, and no time at all for regrets.

That first night, half an hour after his right hand had been given a death sentence, Ed White clumsily untied his shoe and undressed himself with his left hand.

Then began a rare display of courage and devotion to an ideal. Without impulsive heroics but with dogged courage, he committed himself to endure months of ever-increasing torture—that he could have ended with a word.

For he refused to let his physician friends amputate. Here, he argued, was a heaven-sent opportunity to study a radiation burn whose conditions were accurately known. By observing the arm's progressive deterioration after a known intensity and duration of exposure, physicians might determine something that would help in treating radiation burns generally.

He continued working left-handed as the hand and arm reddened and the pain began. The hospital took color photographs at regular intervals to use in training physicians in radiology, and recorded in detail the burn's progress.

Ed says little now about his ordeal, except that his best friend, Dr. Warren G. Cross, radiologist, helped him bear up under it. Dr. Cross devised a wire-screen cage, lined with soft dressings, that encased the arm and shielded it from agonizing bumps.

The sixth month was a nightmare of pain, and Ed was bedridden. Circulation in the arm had ceased and his life was in danger. Finally he gave permission, and Dr. Howard amputated the arm just below the elbow.

In five days, still officially a patient, Ed was back at work in a wheelchair.

IN THE YEARS of weakness and despair that almost broke his spirit, it must have seemed impossible to Ed White that his fierce desire to serve humanity would ever be realized. But that early ordeal may have been the crucible that strengthened his character to the degree that permitted him, despite all his later setbacks, to achieve the dreams he dreamed then.

For since his second accident, he has progressed in his field unfalteringly. In 1948, he received the National Electrical Manufacturers' award for his paper on methods of training technicians. His national reputation is such that requests for admission to Albany Hospital's two-year training course have been received from 36 states.

The observations made of his burn have added more nuggets of information to the store of medical

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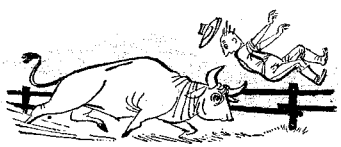
knowledge of radiation injuries. And, occasionally, hospital physicians call on him to cheer up depressed amputees who are inspired by his courageous story and infectious enthusiasm.

Clearly, his yearning to serve humanity has come true. Best of all, though, his invention—the control system designed to prevent just such accidents as his own—proved a success. With modifications, it is in use in x-ray departments across the nation.

Today, Ed White is a cheerful, ruddy man of 45. "If you make a mistake, you sometimes can't tear it up and start over," he says. "That's the way it is. But whatever it is, you don't quit on yourself."

And he adds: "You know, I have no complaints. I'm on top of the heap. I've got everything in life to be thankful for!"

Patients! Patients!



A FARMER WAS TAKING a physical examination for life insurance and the doctor asked him if he had ever had a serious accident.

"No."

"Ever had any accident?"

"No."

"Never had a single accident in your life?" the doctor asked in surprise.

"Can't say as I have. But last spring when I was out in the pasture, a bull tossed me over the fence."

"Don't you call that an accident?" the doctor persisted.

"Nope," answered the farmer. "I'm sure that durned bull did it on purpose." —*Hoosier Farmer*

A MAN WENT to his doctor and requested treatment for his ankle. After a careful examination the doctor inquired: "How long have you been going about in this condition?"

"Two weeks."

"Why, man, your ankle is broken! How you have managed to get around at all is a mystery. Why didn't you come to me before?"

"Well, doctor, every time I tell her that anything is wrong with me, my wife insists I'll have to stop smoking." —*Scarboro Missions*

A YOUNG MAN rushed into a doctor's surgery bleeding from a considerable cut on his forehead. The doctor asked him what had happened.

"I bit myself," was the reply.

"Come now," exclaimed the doctor, "that's quite impossible."

"Oh, no, it isn't," explained the patient. "You see, I climbed up on a chair." —*Tit-Bits*

A WOMAN WENT to a dentist for the fifth time to ask him to grind down her false teeth because "they don't fit."

"Well," said the dentist, "I'll do it again this time, but no more. By every test, these should fit your mouth easily."

"Who said anything about my mouth," the woman replied testily. "They don't fit in the glass!"

—*Middletown Time Herald*

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FIRST

As a youth he enrolled as a student in the Greek Orthodox Theological Seminary at Tiflis, Russia. But instead of spending his time learning the lessons of penitence and humility, he devoted himself to hate and rebellion.

He hated the studies, the teachers, the discipline, the periodic searches for forbidden literature conducted by the authorities in the students' dormitories. Finally he angrily denounced the Seminary as an institution based on "spying, prying and peering" into the souls of its students, ending his fiery tirade with the bitter blasphemy: "There is no God!"

After his expulsion from the Seminary, he joined a group dedicated to revolt. Although he hated theologians, he became a theologian of rebellion, a preacher of salvation through conflict, devastation and misery. First he preached in the name of Marx, then in the name of Lenin, and finally in his own name and by his own authority.

When he achieved power he "spied, pried and peered" with utter ruthlessness into the souls, not of a few students but of the masses of mankind, and whole nations were overwhelmed with despair. His name was Joseph Stalin.

At the close of the 19th century, a young Indian lawyer was traveling by train across South Africa. Slight, serious, sensitive, highly educated, as befitted his station in life he traveled first class.

At Maritzburg, a European passenger entered the compartment, stared angrily at him, called the conductor and demanded that the "coolie" be moved to the second-class car where he belonged.

The Indian gentleman produced his first-class ticket and refused to go. After an acrimonious argument he was thrown off the train and was compelled to remain all night on the station platform shivering in the bitter cold.

The injustice so outraged him that he dedicated himself to a lifelong struggle to liberate the peoples of India from the domination of European influence. When Mohandes Gandhi was thrown off a train, a saint was born who altered the course of world history.

In Dublin, a little boy grew up to a painful realization. At first he refused to face it, but in due course he sadly observed to his mother, "Mama, I think Papa is drunk."

With a wry smile the mother looked down at her son and, with unconscious humor, replied: "When is he anything else?"

With recognition of the bitter truth came relief. Like other members of the family, the boy adjusted himself to the situation and in time the adjustment brought compensations. Because there was no guiding hand in the household, the boy had to acquire the habit of self-discipline; because there was no social life to speak of, he had to fall back

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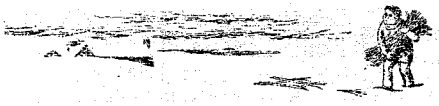
THE VISION



on his own resources—that is, on reading and reflection. And because the family was forced to develop a keen sense of humor as a mechanism of defense against the mockery and sneers of the neighborhood, George Bernard Shaw early learned to discourse on tragic topics as though they were huge jokes.

IN THE FALL of 1911, two British politicians were playing golf together. One was elderly, quiet and distinguished; the other was young, dynamic and impetuous.

Suddenly the older man turned to his companion and asked, "Did you ever hear of the word 'Weltraumpolitik'?"

The younger confessed that he did not know German well and had no idea what the word meant. The older then explained that it meant the domination of the world by Germany, and added that he was gravely concerned by the obvious bid she was making for world supremacy.

"The Navy is Britain's only hope," he said, looking directly at his young companion. "Would you be willing to accept the post of First Lord of the Admiralty if it were offered you?"

"Indeed I would," replied the young man eagerly.

Returned to his lodgings, he reflected on this unexpected offer, on Germany's militaristic challenge and Britain's peril, and in a mood of dejection, he began to leaf idly through the Bible which was lying on the table. Opening to a page at random, his eye immediately caught this verse:

"Hear O Israel! Thou art to pass over Jordan this day to go in to possess nations greater than thyself, cities great and fenced up to heaven."

A feeling of vast relief, of power and exaltation, swept over him; and from that moment he was a dedicated man—a heroic fighter, an eloquent prophet, an astute statesman relentlessly espousing the cause of liberty.

For from that moment Winston Churchill knew that he walked with Destiny.

A POOR YOUNGSTER in a tiny Welsh village used to gather firewood in the neighboring forest. A bright boy, he soon learned that there was little difficulty collecting great armfuls.

Later in life he often recalled this childhood experience with telling effect.

"We are in for rough weather," he would say. "We may even be in for a winter of storms which will rock our forest, tear off many a dead branch, uproot many a rotten tree. But when the weather clears, you may depend upon it that there will be something within the reach of people that will give warmth and glow to their gray lives."

He was Great Britain's eminent war leader, David Lloyd George.

—JEREMIAH BEN-JACOB

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The Unusual Case of

by JOEL EDWARDS

There was always a place for him in the theater, but they didn't want him to act

RECENTLY, at Madison Square Garden in New York, the Boy Scouts were about to put on an exposition, and they had asked one of America's best actors to buy the first ticket. He was supposed to drop by at 2 P.M. and pose with Scouts for news photographers.

Nobody expected the actor to arrive on time, since actors seldom do—except for their own performances. And this was an especially famous actor, just doing a favor for a group of boys.

Yet promptly at 1:50 P.M. the actor walked in, all alone, unaccompanied by press agent or admirers. Indeed, he appeared so unobtrusively that for a few minutes nobody even noticed him.

The Scouts, never dreaming that the great man would be so punctual, arrived red-faced at ten after two! Did they find the actor in a tantrum because he had been kept waiting? Not at all. They found him standing by patiently, willing to take all the time needed to make sure the pictures were right.

The actor was Henry Fonda, perhaps the most unusual man who ever made a movie or appeared on Broadway. Here is one actor who looks—and behaves—just like your neighbor next door. Despite his starring roles in 41 movies, and his tremendous success in such plays as *Mister Roberts* and *Point of No Return*, he is still essentially the bashful young man who left Nebraska twenty-odd years ago to seek his fortune in the theater.

He even looks like a serious, modest, self-effacing youngster from the Midwest. He is 47 now, but his face

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still has a boyish eagerness. His gangling six-foot frame is slim and lithe. He has no trouble, when called upon to play a 22-year-old during part of *Point of No Return*, in making the audience believe it.

In fact, Fonda has no trouble, whatever part he plays, in making the audience believe that the character on the stage is real. He himself has to believe in the roles, or he is unable to perform them. He never pretends; he *lives* his roles. He radiates a sincerity which goes across the footlights and into the heart. And it is this quality which audiences recognize and love.

Unlike most actors, Fonda hates to appear in public, make speeches or go on the radio. Broadway night life holds no attractions for him; his life outside the theater revolves around his home. His lovely young wife is the former Susan Blanchard, stepdaughter of Oscar Hammerstein II of Rodgers and Hammerstein fame. He has two children—Jane, 15, and Peter, 13—by a previous marriage.

When weather permits, the family lives in Huntington, Long Island, where a boat and fishing tackle are always available. Fonda drives into New York for his performances in faded old khakis left over from his wartime days in the Navy. Immediately after the show he dons the khakis and drives home again—often going out on an all-night fishing trip with Peter.

He is a man of many hobbies. He likes music and art galleries; he is himself an expert painter who spends hours at the easel. He is a fairly good sculptor. And he has enjoyed building model planes ever since he and Jimmy Stewart, while rooming together as struggling young actors, began doing it to fill long hours between jobs. In the baseball season he is an ardent New York Giant rooter.

FONDA first became a Broadway star in 1934, in a play called *The Farmer Takes a Wife*. Then he spent ten years in Hollywood, becoming one of the nation's top movie stars.

He has appeared in everything from a drawing-room drama to a Western. His own favorites are *The Ox-Bow Incident*, *Grapes of Wrath* and *Young Mr. Lincoln*. If he wanted to make another movie today, he could easily command $250,000 for a single motion picture.

Hollywood, however, was not really for Fonda. He missed the thrill of being close to an audience, of living through the drama night after night. He wanted to *act*, day in and day out.

So as soon as he found the right play, Fonda left the easy money of Hollywood for the hard work of Broadway. The play was the famous *Mister Roberts*, in which he had the role of an idealistic young lieutenant aboard a Navy supply ship in the Pacific. It was a great show and Fonda gave a great performance, reveling in the grueling job eight times a week.

As the play continued on its fabulous success—three years on Broadway, another year on the road—Fonda, instead of tiring, seemed to grow younger, trimmer and more enthusiastic by the day.

He was suffering at the time from a damaged leg tendon, result of an injury during his stint in the Navy. It caused considerable pain, but his doctor could never persuade him

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to take time out for an operation. Not until just before the road tour did Fonda consent to leave the play long enough for the operation—and then only because the doctor forbade him to make the trip without having it.

It may be that Fonda enjoys acting so much because the stage is the one place in the world where he feels completely at ease. In private life, he is painfully shy at times. He hates being the center of attention; he always stays in the background at parties.

"I get the same kick out of acting," he says, "as I did out of playing cops and robbers when I was a boy. When I'm on the stage, I feel that I'm playing a game. I am someone else, not me at all. The audience isn't looking at me—but at another person whose mask I am wearing."

In preparing for a stage role, however, Fonda struggles and worries. He studies every smallest detail of the character he must play. While he was Mr. Roberts, he could have described in detail how the young Navy lieutenant would act in any conceivable situation.

FONDA WAS BORN in Grand Island, Nebraska; his family later moved to Omaha. His father owned a printing shop that never made much money. Young Henry had to work eight hours a day on the side while attending the University of Minnesota, and after two years, decided it would be better to drop out of school than kill himself.

He went back to Omaha and quite by accident found himself working with a Little Theater group. As soon as he had saved up $150, he set off for New York and theatrical fame. But New York was not quite what he expected. Young actors were a dime a dozen and fame was elusive.

By good luck, he caught on with a Summer group known as the University Players, who operated one of the first summer theaters on Cape Cod. With the University Players, Fonda got a lot of experience but in the Autumn, when the season's profits were prorated among the young actors, his share was only $75—a pitiful stake with which to face cold Winters in New York.

Sometimes he earned a little by working as understudy for a Broadway star; often he made no money at all. In fact, it was hunger that accounted for what he still believes was his finest acting performance—put on for an audience of one in the dismal Depression year of 1933.

One morning, his eye came upon the words: WANTED: experienced florists to work during Easter rush. Goldfarb Flower Shops, 160 East 57th Street.

Fonda had never been inside a florist shop, but he hurried over to 57th Street. There he found himself in a line of 75 anxious men, moving slowly toward a door behind which Goldfarb was interviewing the applicants.

When he finally found himself in Goldfarb's presence, he knew that something spectacular was called for. Swallowing hard, he called upon every trick he had learned as an actor.

"Mr. Goldfarb, I won't try to deceive a man of your perception. I have never had any experience. Actually, I am an actor—but I realize now that there is no future

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in acting and I want to get into a new profession."

(This was untrue. Fonda would rather have died than leave the theater.)

"Mr. Goldfarb, what I want most in the world is to become a florist."

(Also untrue. The thought had never occurred to him.)

There was a lot more, all delivered with dramatic eloquence and appropriate gestures. Out of the 75 men, Goldfarb hired four. Fonda was one of them, and thus was able to keep body and soul together until the Summer theater season.

There were a few compensations for those early years of struggle, but not many. Once he was able to write home that he had talked to the great Tallulah Bankhead. What he did not say was that he had applied for the job as understudy in one of her plays, and had been summoned into her presence for an inspection. At the time, he looked even younger than his 28 years, and Miss Bankhead was not impressed.

"How old are you, sonny?" she asked haughtily.

Flustered, he blurted out the truth. "Twenty-eight."

"My friend," said the cynical Miss Bankhead, "you're a liar!"

Five years passed, during which Fonda vainly pursued success. One Summer, the best he could find was a job with a struggling little theater group in Surry, Maine. Was he to be leading man, or second lead, or even juvenile? By no means! His job was to drive a station wagon—picking up luggage and props.

To avoid being completely disregarded, Fonda began doing charcoal sketches of the actors and actresses, to be displayed outside the theater as advertisements. The lifelike sketches caught the eye of the producer. When the scenic designer walked off the stage one day in a temperamental huff, the producer quickly gave Fonda the job. For the rest of the season Henry was a little more contented, designing and painting sets.

The following Summer, he joined a group at Mt. Kisco, New York, and faithfully painted sets. Again he watched enviously from the audience while the actors performed.

But at last—as perhaps it must to anyone so dedicated to his work—the big chance finally came his way.

In mid-season the producer faced an emergency. A Broadway star, scheduled at the theater for a week, was taken ill. The theater would be dark for a week—unless some inexpensive substitute show could be found.

"How about it, Fonda?" the producer asked. "Do you know something we could do with just one set, and a cast of no more than four or five actors?"

Fonda thought fast. There was a play called *It's a Wise Child*, which he had once done with the University Players. It all took place in a living room, so that no scenery had to be shifted. It had only four big speaking parts, plus one important bit part involving an Irish iceman who appeared briefly near the beginning and again near the final curtain.

"Yes, sir," said Fonda. "I know just the play. You'll only need two men and two women. There's another little bit part, but I know it so

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well that I can play it and save you the money for an extra actor."

"Sold!" said the producer.

What Fonda had not said was that the part of the iceman, though small, was the feature of the play. The iceman had all the best lines; he was the one character who convulsed the audience.

As the iceman, Fonda drew the biggest laughs ever heard in the Mt. Kisco theater. His career as a scenic designer was over; his career as an actor was resumed.

Once he had his chance, in a place where important theater people could see him, there was no stopping him. A prominent actress named June Walker played a week at Mt. Kisco, saw him and was entranced. It just so happened that she was signed to appear on Broadway that Fall in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*—and nobody but Fonda would do as her farmer.

Fonda went to Broadway as the farmer and has been going onward and upward ever since.

As to where the career will go from here, no one knows. Fonda is always looking for another *Mister Roberts* and is loath to settle for anything less. If the playwrights will oblige him, he will perhaps create a whole gallery of memorable portraits. He may even return to the movies, but only on his own terms.

As one friend has said, "The movies will never get Fonda back by offering big money. But if an impoverished producer comes along with a great script that Fonda likes, you may see Henry work in Hollywood for room and board."

Meantime, he is happy working on Broadway and taking his plays around the country. It takes very little, beside his joy in his work, to keep this unusual actor happy.

One night recently, while his play was still in New York, a few people passing a music store on a quiet street not far from Broadway saw Fonda under circumstances that are typical for him—and almost unthinkable for most actors.

It was past midnight; the after-theater parties were just getting started; the nightclubs were warming up. Yet there stood Fonda, staring into a music-store window like any other man you might see. Nothing about his bearing indicated who he was. He looked in the window for several minutes, sighed contentedly and started home.

His day's work over, Henry Fonda had done a little window shopping and was heading back to his home, his family and his hobbies.

Touching Tyranny

A BABY IS notoriously the most greedy, egocentric, ruthless and grasping organism known to science. Even while it is being tenderly talcumed, it is plotting how to snatch your eyeglasses, grab your watch, swallow a safety pin and storm when unable to bite off one of its toes. I find them irresistible. —RONALD COLMAN (NBC's "The Halls of Ivy")

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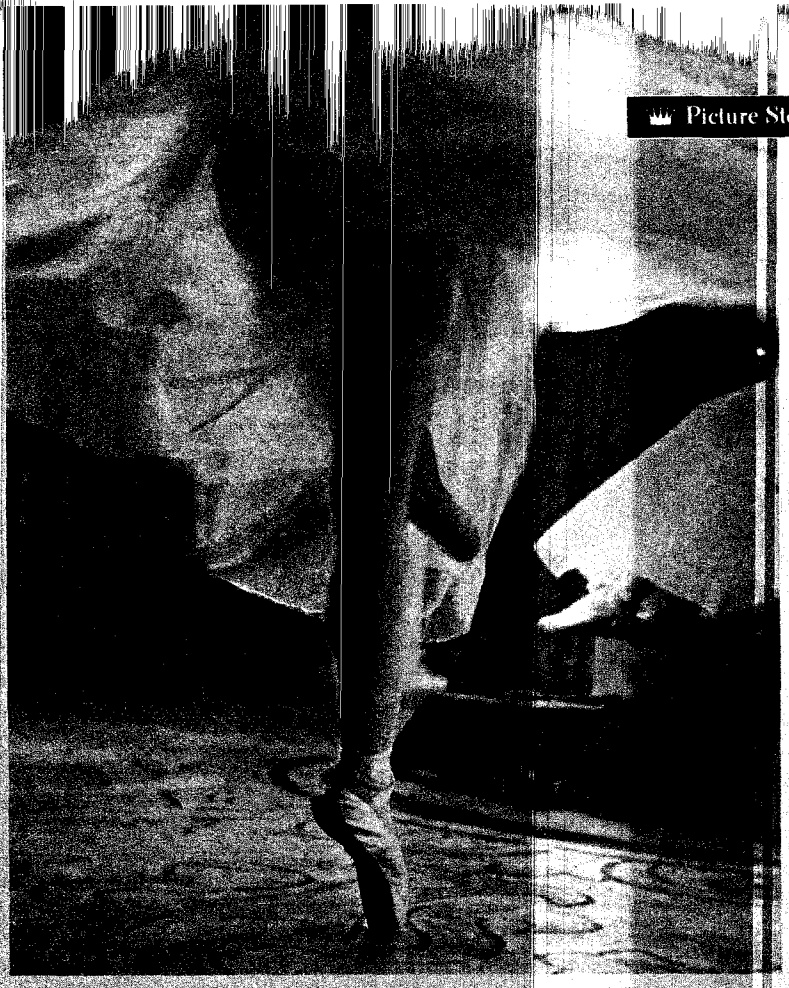
Picture Story



Dancing Dolls on Broadway

TIME WAS when a Broadway casting director auditioned only singers. If a girl was pretty, shapely and could carry a tune, she could be taught to do what once passed for dancing on the musical-comedy stage. But then, choreographers, ballerinas and modern dancers came along to spark a Broadway revolution, and many a lass has since stepped out of the chorus line and rocketed to stardom on her twinkling feet. Here are some of them—the dancing dolls who gave musical comedy a new and provocative look.

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Mary Burr

PEOPLE WHO REMEMBERED soft-voiced Mary Burr as the willowy ballerina of the San Francisco Opera Company gasped when they saw her in *Paint Your Wagon;* her can-can dance was a fiery masterpiece of erupting dignity and volcanic energy. When it was over, the applause was tumultuous. "I wanted to be known and remembered," exclaimed Mary quietly, "so I came to Broadway." The result was explosive triumph, and talented Mary Burr is not apt to be forgotten for a long, long time.

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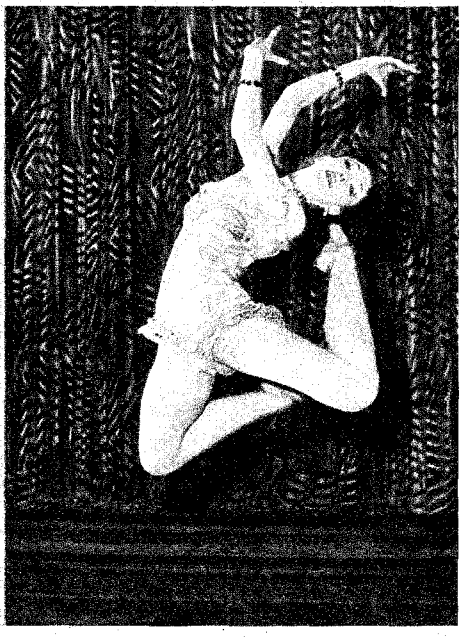

Kathryn Lee

KATHRYN LEE showed up for her first audition wearing tights, no make-up and a look of utter terror; she had just turned 14. Yet she stoutly maintained that she was a soloist, and a soloist's part she won. From then on, her path led straight up: *Allegro, As the Girls Go, Two on the Aisle.* Her dancing is vivid and boylike—"I was always jumping over Daddy's hedge"—and her emotional involvement in a dance is apparent even in the last row of the balcony. Her reaction to success? "Someone stopped me a few weeks ago and said, 'Aren't you Kathryn Lee, the dancer?' I was so happy I almost died."

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Anita Alvarez

ACROSS the stage danced a wisp of a girl, the plaintive music of a harmonica counterpointing the loneliness locked in her heart. She was Susan, the little mute of *Finian's Rainbow*. The time: January 10, 1947. The girl: Anita Alvarez, who danced with a silent eloquence that transcended speech itself. Three years later, Anita became the jazz-dancing star of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and brought to full cycle the story that began when she won a Charleston contest in a traveling medicine show. It led to stardom—and it isn't over yet.

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Helen Gallagher

FOR YEARS, Helen Gallagher has been striving to purge the intonations and accents of her Bronx childhood. Chosen for the role of a hard-boiled chorine in *Pal Joey*, she promptly forgot her diction lessons and delivered her lines with a liberal sprinkling of "dems" and "doses." Her dancing, however, has been consistent throughout—flamboyant and provocative. Signed for her first Broadway lead in *Hazel Flagg*, Helen professes no nervousness: "My apprenticeship was served in freezing recital halls, populated exclusively by my family. Nothing could bother me now."

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Sheila Bond

AS MAN-HUNTING, frenetic Fay Fromkin in *Wish You Were Here*, Sheila Bond hit jaded Broadway like a tornado—and promptly attributed it to her mother. "She was a frustrated actress who pushed me." But critics, listening to her hilarious assaults on the English language and watching her dancing, are convinced that this girl is a natural, for whom stardom is a fitting reward.

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IF TRAGEDY COMES...

by ZELDA POPKIN

HE RETURNED HOME drained and spent, his sunken eyes dazed and unbelieving. He had just watched a small white coffin being lowered into the earth. No parent in all his days performs a harder task than final farewell to a child.

"Why did it happen?" he cried. "If this is all there is to life, what's the use of going on?"

His father was there. His father had met bereavement before. He said, "Nothing is wasted, son. This is the experience through which you will grow." Then they sat down and quietly talked of the meaning of death.

There is no human experience which man fears more and understands less, and this very dread largely prevents him from understanding it. He pushes it back in his mind, as though by refusing to acknowledge the possibility, he may avert it. Yet, death is a major experience of life. It is an affirmative experience, since through it, the living grow in depth.

Each person receives the experience in his own way, according to what he is. Each bereavement takes the measure of the relationship with the one who is gone—the love or the guilt at failure to love or the relief for a burden lifted. What happens after is decided by what that relationship was.

Many reach out for and feel for the first time their kinship with all humanity. "At first, when my husband died," a woman told me some time ago, "I felt it was a special punishment visited just upon me. My friends had their families. *My* world had collapsed. Then one day I read in the papers of a plane crash. It was carrying important people. All were lost.

"It hit me like a flash of revelation. I said to myself: 'The wives of those men are traveling the same road I am. All over the world there are women like me.' I stopped feeling sorry for myself. I felt sorry for them, instead."

The understanding which grows out of personal loss is not merely in the ability to share the world's sorrows but in a new awareness of the value of life. "When my mother

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died," a man said to me, "my own children were at once closer and dearer to me."

"Losing my father," a young man said, "made us all realize how much we had wasted. We'd never gotten to know each other. There never seemed to be time. I hope to live differently with my own family. I've gotten a new sense of values from this."

Yet, whenever it comes, at whatever age and under what circumstances, we are always unready for tragedy, because by unspoken common consent, it hasn't been talked about. Speaking of it evokes unpleasant images and rakes the heart. And when we talk, we talk nonsense usually. About nothing in the whole gamut of human travail is so much cant, sentimentality and hypocrisy uttered.

Convention dresses mourners in special garb, forbids them normal diversions, sets them apart from the rest of us. Snap out of it, well-meaning friends demand. Get adjusted, they say, as if by taking a few minor tucks and pleats, one might easily absorb life's most awesome experience.

Recovery cannot take place until one or all of the three great confusions of death are resolved.

"Why did it have to happen?" everyone asks. The answer to this is the test of the individual's religious conviction. If his faith is deep and sincere, he replies simply: "This is God's will. This is divine wisdom. There is a higher judgment." Such a man possesses the faith which comforts and heals.

In others, an important recognition must be made—that there are things to which we have no answers at all, and that it is possible to accept what has happened without knowing why. For them, in that acceptance of the unanswerable, is the beginning of wisdom.

The second confusion stems from another source, unconscious guilt. A soldier who had been under incessant shellfire, guarding a bridge in Belgium over which ammunition flowed to the Allied front, once told me a story with great bitterness. A prominent war correspondent, passing through, had stopped at that bridge and talked briefly with the soldier and his closest friend. A few minutes after the correspondent left, the friend was killed.

"I ran into that correspondent again," the soldier recalled, "and I said to him, 'My buddy got his ten minutes after you left.' And what do you think he did? He turned around to the guys in his jeep and said, 'Well, fellows, that proves it. I told you I was right up at the front.'"

Some months later, I met the correspondent. He told me about the same episode, unaware I had heard it from another source. "When he told me his buddy was killed right there at that bridge, it shook me," he said. "I don't remember what I said to him, but it must have been something dumb, because I was all upset. I was there. *It might have been me.*"

In the words, "It might have been me," he revealed the most poignant confusion which overwhelms men in the presence of death. There is relief that it was "not me," and there is guilt and shame at the relief.

But when our staying alive could not have prolonged the life of an-

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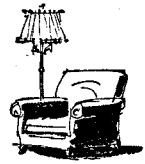
other, there is no justification for guilt, nor should we feel guilty in gladness at being alive. Being alive is a very good thing and it is to life we belong.

The third of the great confusions is the dilemma of the widowed and orphaned: "Where do we go from here?" The breadwinner, the head of the family is gone, what will happen to this home?

In the loss of a husband or wife there are many losses—companionship, home, economic and emotional stability, sense of purpose, community status, and the contacts of sex. A whole new life must be built. It can be built, but it is difficult, because the reason for living seems to have gone.



A cold wind blows through and a house begins to die. A home means someone to share with—one's bed and table, one's problems and joys, and when that someone is gone, why salvage anything?

"I had visions," one woman said to me, "of carting my household goods from warehouse to warehouse the rest of my days. It was all the future I saw for myself. And I said to my friends, 'Take what you want. It's no use to me.' "

Or morbidity takes possession. The clothes are left on their hangers. The house turns into a shrine for the dead. "I have changed nothing," another woman told me. "I have left the house just as it was the last day he was here. I can imagine him sitting here, every night, opposite me."

Each person, in the illness and shock of bereavement, does what he must, according to what he is. Yet neither the breaking up nor the morbid enshrinement is the final pattern, since we belong to life, and we must eat and sleep and laugh and grow.

A middle-aged woman I know who lives alone has a lovely small apartment to which many guests come. All say the same thing, "Coming here is like coming home."

"This wouldn't have been possible," she insists, "if I hadn't had so many years of happy marriage. The feeling for home is in me. I shall make it and have it wherever I live. The difference is that now I share what I have with many people, instead of with only one."

In the spiritual gifts of a marriage, the giving and receiving of love, lie the strengths from which many a new life is built. One lives with all of one's past. Nothing and no one ever completely dies. It is not necessary or desirable to forget. Remembering adds richness to all our remaining days.

Years of being together have left their impact, a heritage intangible yet rich, made out of gestures and words, experiences shared, the casual warmths of daily contacts. There lies man's true immortality. He lives on in every person whose life touched his.

"We were so close," a man told me after his brother's death. "We started this business together. It was his good sense, his imagination that made it all tick. I won't be able to go it alone."

Yet he did, and he said some time afterward, "My brother's still running this show. When something comes up, something new or worry-

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ing, I remember things—little things he used to say, little things like, 'Go ahead. The worst they can say is no.' I thought I could never bear to sit in this office without him. But he's never left."

Going on means opening the little passageways, sealed off in the first weeks of grief, because they held memories too poignant, opening the doors, letting the richness of shared experiences come through, saying, "I'd like to go there—I remember what fun we had in that place," not "I can't bear to go. Our happy times there are over now."

Out of the human understanding which grows from bereavement great good has come. No single force in the modern world has been as constructive as the urge to perpetuate the memory of our beloved dead by service to humanity.

Once, men built pyramids and palaces of stone. Today they add to the goodness of life and to its progress, through the scholarship, the children's ward and the research fund. Each cancer laboratory and hospital is a memorial to some man or woman whose life was cut short.

Damon Runyon is immortalized as much by the Cancer Fund raised in his name as by the stories he wrote. The daughter of a great actress and a famous playwright died of polio at 19, but hundreds of children may live because the Mary MacArthur Memorial Fund provides iron lungs and nursing care for polio victims.

The daughter of the Spencer Trasks could not speak clearly when she gave their Saratoga estate its name, but "Yaddo," her childish rhyme for "Shadow," has meant to a generation of creative workers a chance to write and paint in gracious, inspiring surroundings.

But often a man's best monument is the simple remembering of what he was—warm, kind or wise. I like to remember a clergyman who said a few words to me when I needed them most. He recited the Twenty-third Psalm. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," he said, and then stopped and added, "*The words are walk through.* You do not remain."

He has been dead several years, but I have kept him alive because I have spoken his words many times to comfort people in grief, and helped them to walk through the valley of the shadows to richer lives.

Driving Dilemma

AFTER FAILING for the second time to pass her road test required for an operator's license, the tearful young woman admitted that the very thought of driving in traffic bothered her.

"Well," suggested the sympathetic officer, "why not wait a year or so and try again?"

"But I can't," sobbed the disappointed lady. "I just have to get back and forth to the air field—I'm a pilot!" —*Christian Science Monitor*

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Miracle of Healing

by JANE FROMAN

ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON in 1945, at 293 General Hospital in France, I learned an important lesson in the magic of healing. Our USO troupe was the first to arrive in Europe after the war. For weeks, we rushed around the Continent, bringing entertainment to men who were hungry for laughter to fill the emptiness of ward life.

At one part of my act, I would ask the audience: "Anybody here from my home state of Missouri?" Almost always there was, and I'd have the man come up and sing a song or two with me.

When I asked that question at 293 General Hospital, there was silence. Then I saw a hand go up—slowly, hesitantly.

"Don't be bashful, soldier," I said. "Come on, let's show them how we sing in Missouri."

He stood, glancing nervously about him. Staff doctors were seated behind me and I heard their worried murmurs. "Not him. Leave him alone."

But it was too late. In a silence that frightened me, we watched him come slowly to the stage. When he was beside me, I put my arm around his waist. His look was glazed and empty, as if he were walking in a deep sleep.

"My name is Jane," I said. "What's yours?"

His lips trembled. Finally he whispered: "Bert."

"Where are you from, Bert?"

Again the struggle to speak. Then: "St. Louis."

"Ever do any singing there?"

A glint lighted his eyes. "Yes, in church."

"Come on. Let's hear you."

As we walked to the piano, I glanced at the doctors and saw their deep concern for Bert. I struck a chord and began to sing a hymn. At first, Bert's lips moved, but there was no sound. Finally his voice came—softly, then strong and melodious, ringing through the auditorium.

For 20 minutes we performed, and after each number I was puzzled by the tremendous ovation.

Later I learned what had happened. And then I realized the magic healings that come with affection and friendship.

After the show, the doctors explained why they were so worried: Bert had been severely shell-shocked and had not uttered a word for three months!

Jane Froman stars on *U.S.A. Canteen*, CBS-TV Network, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

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Book Feature

Society, Sex and the Single Woman

by JOHN LAURENCE

JUST HOW does a woman become a spinster? Do secret processes get to work? If so, what are they—physiological, psychological, diabolical? Does it happen by design or by accident? Has heredity anything to do with it?

After years of observation, I have satisfied myself that spinsterhood is simply an accident. It can be described; after it has happened, it can sometimes be explained; but it can rarely be predicted with any degree of certainty.

An examination of married and unmarried females reveals only this one thing: they are all women. If bachelor girls are sometimes plain, wives are often frights; if married women are beautiful, intelligent and chic, there are unmarried women who could well make them feel inferior.

I have met women, unquestionably normal, who are not married for the simple, yet sufficient reason that they do not want to marry. And I have met other women who, either because of a strange twist in their nature or because of some defect in their education, thought that marriage was something to be looked upon as slightly disgusting.

I am convinced, however, that spinsterhood is more often a tribute to a woman's virtue than an indictment of her stupidity. It is the woman who marries recklessly who can expect to be unhappy, rather than the woman who hesitates lest she make an unwise marriage.

Nevertheless, my experience will not let me forget that unmarried women often make themselves miserable by accusing themselves of imperfections they do not have, and then blaming those imagined imperfections for something that, under the circumstances, had to happen: spinsterhood.

A man in search of a wife may roam the world and no one will think the worse of him for it. A woman's field, however, is more or less limited to her friends and ac-

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quaintances. Should there be no one in that assortment of men with whom she would like to grow old, it is not always easy for her to strike out in new directions.

In any given collection of men, there will only be a few with whom a woman could prudently consider marriage, because, if she has kept her wits about her, she will know that marriage is not all moonlight and roses, and that love, the sort that lasts, is something more than a low, soft word and a pulse throbbing in her throat.

Love is intelligent; infatuation is foolish. A mature woman may love a man when she knows him; then the more she knows him the better she loves him. But the infatuated girl is sure that she loves a man about whom she knows nothing except that he smokes a pipe, speaks with a caressing voice, and has curly black hair.

Infatuation is too violent, too explosive, to be easily controlled by reason. It is responsible for such misleading expressions as "falling in love," "love at first sight . . ." People do not, no matter what the singers croon, fall in love. And perhaps that is the only comforting explanation one may find of the melancholy procession to our divorce courts of so many disillusioned men and bitter women.

Though love and its counterfeit, infatuation, account for the majority of marriages, they do not explain every marriage. Fear is often a motive. So are avarice and envy and pride.

There is a type of woman who will marry a block of shares, or a railroad or a department store. Sylvia is such a woman. Sylvia is beautiful, and she knows it; she married because she loved things nicer than those her own resources would allow.

She paid for what she got—paid with her beauty. But it was strictly a business transaction. Now she no longer bothers even to pretend to love the man she married. He, poor fool, cannot bring himself to believe that anyone so physically beautiful could be so hard-boiled. He lives with the dwindling hope that when she has had enough, she will learn to love the giver.

He is headed for disappointment; women like Sylvia never have enough, except, perhaps, enough of one husband. The only real difference between her and the woman peddling her fading charms on a street corner is a measure of worldly success.

LESS CALLOUS than the single-minded gold-digger is the woman who is driven into marriage by fear. Women *do* marry because of fear—because they are frightened of loneliness, or because they fear the scornful laughter of those women who can pronounce the word "spinster" in such a way that the edges of it curl up with contempt.

The matter-of-fact woman is more of a realist. She does not like loneliness either, but she has met married women who are lonely and career women who are not. What worries her is fear of insecurity. She has no illusions about the equality of women; she knows that the business world is still a man's world.

A man can live in barracks; she wants a home. Bachelors can live in dingy hotels; in such places she would barely exist. She wants more

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from life than permission to survive; she wants to live. This fear of insecurity, brooded over too long, can become an obsessive force that will make even the shrewd single woman behave imprudently.

More subtle is the humiliating fear of failing as a woman. An invitation card would end all that . . . "Mr. and Mrs. John Devereaux invite you to attend the wedding of their daughter, Alice . . . " And it makes no difference that the marriage might be a foolish gamble, just so it provides a woman with protection against the whispers that threaten to rob her of self-respect.

Married, she will escape the reproach of virginity. She will be able to hold her head high among real women—women who proudly talk about having babies and how not to have babies.

SOME unfortunate women are edged into marriage by mischievous matchmakers. Others are hounded into marrying by the ill-regulated solicitude of an overanxious mother. Mother love, once it gets out of hand, is something against which few daughters have any defense.

Girls who are already sensitive about a virginity that is beginning to age are very vulnerable. "When I was your age, your brother John was already born . . . Don't you want to marry? . . . Most of the girls who were at school with you are already married . . . What *is* the matter with you?"

Home becomes a place of unrelieved misery. The nagging goes on all day. Few girls can survive this mental torture for long. The day comes when, to escape it, they marry the first man who asks them.

There is a certain type of man who is frightened off by feminine success. He will tolerate the wife who dabbles with the arts, a wife who writes novels in the kitchen—provided she does not neglect him or his children. But the woman who dashes home at 5 o'clock to her part-time duties as wife (because if she did not desert the home at 8:30 every morning the budget would not balance) is a wife with whom his pride refuses to reckon. And rather than marry the brilliant career woman who might make his earnings seem picayune, he will look for a woman whose talents extend no further than the kitchen and nursery.

Jean was a career woman of a sort. She was a highly paid confidential secretary who was perfectly willing to quit her desk for marriage. She met Joe while on vacation in Bermuda. Within a week, she was sure she was in love with him. And he loved her—or said he did. But when he murmured: "Tell me about yourself, honey," she took him seriously and did. That was a mistake.

Joe was proud. He earned less than she did and saw no prospects, with his scant schooling, of ever being really prosperous. Jean protested that she was willing to live on love and a shoestring. Joe's pride became obstinate.

If he married her, she would have to give up her job. If she gave up her job, she would be deprived of the things she had grown accustomed to, things he could not afford to give her. So with painful nobil-

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ity he spirited himself out of her life.

Jean packed her bags in sullen anger and cursed the clothes she had shopped for with such care. On her next vacation she would take only a sweater and slacks. She has been on many a vacation since, but she is still a secretary.

A job can handicap women in yet another way. Colette is a case in point. When younger, she must have been beautiful because even now, though there is gray in her hair, men still whistle when she enters a hospital ward. She spent her girlhood in a small town, broke many a heart in high school, graduated from nursing school and went to the Big City. Then she started to dream.

Young, fascinated by her work, she made the hospital her whole world. Doctors were the only men for whom she had eyes and a heart. When she married she would have a doctor for a husband, someone who would speak her own language.

Young medics in their more playful moments unwittingly gave substance to her dream. Meantime, she found herself drifting away from the men who would have filled her leisure hours, had she not been so absorbed by hospital life.

These men were not really dull. They were intelligent enough and sensitive enough not to waste time on a daydreaming girl who secretly despised them because they were not doctors. So they found other girls, and left her to her dreaming —and her awakening.

Colette knows now what she failed to realize then. The professional men to whom she was so humbly devoted had been living lives of their own in a world that did not reek with antiseptics. It was in that social world, to which she could not force admittance, that they did their loving and their marrying. So Colette learned that though a young doctor might steal a kiss from a nurse, he will, if he is the ordinary struggling young man, look for a wife who will make the struggle less arduous.

OCCASIONALLY, spinsterhood is the effect not of a man's indifference but of his too-animal interest. Many a woman is and will remain a virgin because the men she met behaved as though a modern novelist, not God, had created the world.

In New York, I listened to the hushed story of a pretty, intelligent girl who wanted with all her heart to marry but felt she could not because of a psychological block. She was frightened of men. I noticed that even with the telling of what had happened three years before, terror began creeping into her eyes.

She had come to New York to study. At art school, she met many strange young people whose way of life was new to her. She was not a Victorian who blushed as she sketched a nude figure, but neither was she the type of "liberal" who thought that friendship could be appreciated only in bed.

It happened at a party. A sensual young actor, fuddled with gin and conceit, presumed that because she was an artist, she was easy. His effort to force himself upon her amounted almost to rape. Her Bohemian friends to whom she fled in tears were of little help. Some were amused, others maintained that to be a virgin at 25 was ridiculous. She was so badly wounded by the

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experience that she has come to fear men with an unbalanced fear.

In somewhat the same way, many parents who are anxious to shield a daughter from the dangers of a careless world prejudice a child's mind while she is still too young to know what prejudice is. I have come across women who have grown up with the perverse notion that sex is a necessary but disgusting evil. Now, though they want to marry, they shrink from submitting to what their emotions whisper is crude animality.

IT IS VERY IMPORTANT that at this stage of our inquiry, the worried single woman be able to formulate a working theory to explain her present status. That theory should do as little violence as possible to the facts of her case. Adjustment to virginity will be difficult for the woman who cannot, or will not, try to understand why she reacts to life as she does.

A widely accepted prejudice about the unmarried woman is that she is a little odd. Some suspect that she was peculiar even as a child. Others prefer to think of eccentricity as an inevitable effect of celibacy, not its necessary cause.

Sentimental people really let their emotions run away when they meditate on the single woman. They burst forth into statements almost poetic: she is a symphony unfinished, a poem unsung, a bud that will never bloom. Nature fashioned her for motherhood, instinct sends her in search of a mate, but fate denies her both child and lover.

There are women so discouraged that they half-believe this drivel. But there is almost no end to the mischief that is done by such maudlin stupidity. All this fuddled thinking about virginity, and all the cloying dangerous sympathy, stem from the naïve notion that sexual love is as necessary to the individual as it is to the race.

This theory has received its most powerful support from the psychiatrist, the man who is sure that men and women are nothing but soulless animals. He presents his theories as facts. The single woman who is already worried by her apparent inability to awaken love in a man is just the sort who might be stampeded into believing his theories.

If a woman were nothing but an alluring animal, capable of reproducing herself but soulless, the psychiatrist might have a point. But I believe that a woman is more than animal. She is a human being, able to reason, able to stand aside from herself and reflect, able to appreciate not only the shape of things but their nature.

Sex is undoubtedly a tremendously important thing, and an unwanted virginity a serious deprivation, but there are other things even more important. Indeed, the faculty of procreation occupies a much smaller fraction of life than the New Psychology would have us believe.

It is because so many unfortunate women are confused about their human appetites that they sometimes become virginally eccentric, even wantonly mad. Yet it is not difficult to understand why virginity embarrasses some women —why they fear that they must lose either it or themselves.

Their fear is part of a madness that is abroad everywhere in our

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world today—the sort of mania that overtakes a man wandering lost in a desert. He knows he must find water or perish. Because his thirst-tortured mind confuses mirage with reality, he rushes at life-saving pools that do not exist.

Many women today are straying blindly in a desert. They have lost all sense of direction. They are conscious, for instance, that they possess a tremendous capacity and eagerness for love, but they are not altogether sure what and whom they should love, or how they should love. Yet they will not admit that they are confused.

They observe that sex is apparently an ordinary part of love, and then they jump to the conclusion that it is the very heart and soul of love. Though our mental hospitals harbor many unfortunate women who took their first confident steps to lunacy in the name of love that leans too heavily on sex, those who escape the more alarming consequences of too sensual love nevertheless think that a woman is crazy to expect to go through life neither loved nor loving.

They are right, but not for the reasons they give. Sex is neither love's first nor last word, nor is it true that love must express itself physically or fail to be love. Every one of us must love in some fashion, because love is part of life; but if a woman thinks that love and virginity are irreconcilable, she will suffer from the madness of materialism and be doomed to the persecution of frustration.

Sex today, because of our drift to materialism, has become the patron of love. It walks through our world with an arrogant swagger. Soldiers cannot go to war unless their morale is bolstered by the voluptuous pin-up girl, and the prophylactic has become almost as essential a military supply as guns and ammunition.

In peace, with less excuse, we are as mad as in war. Chambers of Commerce are the sedate and somewhat ridiculous sponsors of what has now become almost a world-wide institution—the Beauty Contest. Women, stripped practically to the skin, parade their charms while the morons ogle and the newshounds wait eagerly to flash to the world the vital statistics of the new beauty queen.

Sex is inescapable. It is on the billboards, on the stage, screen, radio and television. Many of our modern novelists go to extremes that the motion picture would never dare to approach. Thanks to their thoroughness, the schoolgirl, armed with her library card, may roam at will in the company of the rake and the roué.

Is it any wonder that men regard the unmarried woman as a little odd? Is it strange that the single girl herself begins to suspect that if she is not already peculiar, she might easily become so? In spite of all her primping and painting, her dressing and undressing, her dieting and exercise, her beauty has apparently failed to win the love of a man.

If she has accepted all this claptrap about the importance of being beautiful, she might easily stampede when it finally dawns upon her that her beauty is not desired. And should she shirk the effort to make the necessary adjustments to

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this fact, she might retire into a barren, frustrated world that has never considered spinsterhood and has not provided for it.

A stranger from another world who formed his impression of us from our motion pictures, newspapers and novels, might be seriously deceived. He would have no way of knowing that the majority of us are sane, decent, wholesome people who, after a healthy childhood, love honorably, marry wisely, and establish happy homes for our children.

The unmarried woman should not make the mistake that such a stranger might make, because she has other means of checking whether sexual love is mankind's chief preoccupation.

Certainly no woman need become an eccentric simply because she is, by force of accidental circumstance, single. On the contrary, she will appreciate the silliness of worrying herself to distraction over something that at best can occupy only a fraction of her life.

And so, if she is not a materialist, there is not one really good reason why the single woman should ever become even slightly odd, either in her own eyes or in the eyes of human society. Once she accepts this fact, she will no longer let sex be a dominant or frustrating influence in her life. On the contrary, she will accept it for what it is, and thus seek other avenues to lasting happiness and contentment.

(The author of this article is a South-African-born Catholic priest, who uses the pseudonym John Laurence. As a priest now serving in a monastery near Cape Town, he periodically conducts spiritual "retreats" for women, in the course of which he has listened to many intimate confidences. His book, The Single Woman, *was born out of that unique experience.)*

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

"Social Climbers in Washington" by Robt. S. Allen and Wm. V. Shannon

Any connection between entertainment and fun is purely coincidental in Capital society. Bob Allen, noted Washington columnist, gives an hilarious behind-the-scenes look at the social swim along the Potomac, where gate-crashers mingle with ambassadors and the martini reigns supreme.

"Vacation Lands—for $1 an Acre!" by Madelyn Wood

That recreation home in the mountains or lodge in the woods need not be beyond your means. There are desirable government sites, available for as little as $1 an acre. This article tells where and how to find them.

"Check Your Own Health!"

At last, overworked doctors can secure a vitally needed medical history of each patient, *in advance of treatment.* Your simple "Yes" or "No" answers to these 195 important questions, prepared by Cornell University Medical College, will provide your physician with information he could otherwise learn only by a lengthy examination-interview.

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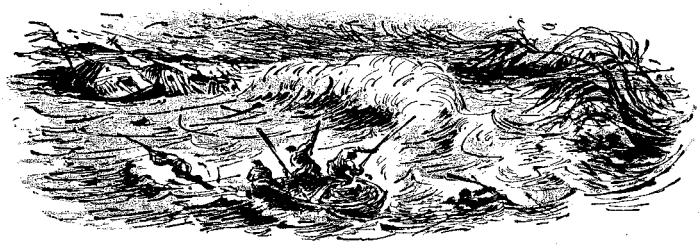
Amazing Amazon



by WILLARD PRICE

THE STEWARD PASSES down the aisle, announcing: "We're just beginning to cross the Amazon."

Thirty minutes later: "We have just finished crossing the Amazon."

It's enough to make the most blasé passenger look up from his magazine! What's this? A plane going 300 miles an hour takes 30 minutes to cross a river?

Correct. The Amazon near its mouth is more than 150 miles wide. It is a river to end all rivers. In fact, here is a river that is not a river. It is a moving sea. It resembles the Mediterranean more than it does the Mississippi. It has been called the Mediterranean of South America.

Early explorers dubbed it the Mar Dulce (Sweet Sea), or Freshwater Sea. Today, Brazilians call it the Sea River.

Geologists tell us that once it was actually an arm of the ocean, extending all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, dividing South America into two great islands. Then the Andes arose to shut off its western end. Rains descended upon the mountains and flowed down the flanks to start the sea moving toward the east.

The Sea River has 1,100 known tributaries. Ten of them are larger than the Rhine. This great sprawl of rivers, all combining to make one, drains 3,000,000 square miles of territory—almost the area of the United States.

Place the mouth of the Amazon at New York, and its arms would reach up into Canada and down into Mexico and almost to California. Straighten out the kinks, and the small end would stretch 1,200 miles out into the Pacific.

The Amazon is not satisfied with Brazil. It sends feelers far up into Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, and the Amazon basin includes generous portions of these nations. The sources of the great river are high Andean lakes, only 80 miles from the Pacific coast.

Ocean-going ships can ascend the Amazon to Iquitos, a journey of 2,400 miles. No other continent on

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earth has so much nature-made highway. The interior of no other is so easy of access, without building roads or railroads.

At Iquitos, the river is still 120 feet deep. And when this great web of waters unites in a common plunge toward the Atlantic, what happens? It is as though all the rivers from Leningrad to Madrid joined their waters in one mighty flood. Channels are gouged from 500 to 1,000 feet deep.

As the rainy season comes on, the river grows in majesty and terror. It uproots great trees and sends them thrashing downstream, or riding concealed just below the swirling surface, a dire peril to shipping.

It forms great *igapos*, flooded forests, dismal wastes deserted by animals and birds. It spreads out to make swamps as big as Texas. It broadens to 300 miles at some places.

The sea is dotted with islands—uninhabited—for who would dare to live on an island that may be submerged at any time? Boatmen must have a keen sense of direction to find their way through this maze.

The river furiously destroys and builds, only to destroy again what it has built. The deposits of sediment during a flood build large islands. During the months after the flood, jungle growth springs up on these islands. It grows rapidly and may reach a height of several feet before the next annual rise. Then the river may have new ideas, a new pattern of currents, and the island is swept away in a day.

The surface is strewn with thousands of these floating islands, some only a few feet across, some several hundred feet broad and up to twenty feet thick.

Natives who want a change of scene use them as rafts for a journey downstream. The trip is not without peril, for a churning tree may smash the island and leave its occupants to the alligators or the *piranhas*, ruthless little fish which can devour a man in minutes.

It is the youngest land in the world, born of the last geological convulsion which raised the chain of the Andes. It still doesn't know its own mind. Geologically speaking, it is a territory on the move, a migration of lands. Man feels shy in the face of these titanic forces. No wonder his conquest of the giant river has been long delayed and is only now becoming assured of success.

The monster has not yet allowed itself to be put on leash. Down its great length there is not a bridge, dam, dike or levee. It would be a brave man who would presume to check the flow of one-fifth of all the world's running fresh water.

The inland sea even has a tide, borne up the river from the Atlantic. The daily ebb and flow can be felt at Obidos, 567 miles from the ocean. Once a month the moon flings a great tidal wave up the river as far as Santarem. This wave, called the *pororoca*, ten or fifteen feet high, sweeps away and destroys boats and houses.

Sometimes there are three or four such waves. They travel at the rate of about 45 miles an hour. The waves are full of logs and branches. Great trunks are hurled into the

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air and come somersaulting back. The roar can be heard for miles. River folk dread being caught in shallow water when the pororoca comes roaring upstream.

Another feature that weds the inland sea to the outer one is that the salt-water denizens of the Atlantic find themselves quite at home in the Amazon, although the water is fresh. Two thousand miles and more upriver may be found such ocean dwellers as the shark, tarpon, sawfish, swordfish, porpoise and manatee.

The collected tribute of 1,100 rivers pours into the sea at the rate of 60 billion gallons an hour, and with such relentless force that it keeps on flowing for more than 100 miles from shore.

We are all familiar with the story of the thirsty sailors who appealed to a passing ship for drinking water. "Drop your buckets where you are," was the answer. The buckets brought up fresh water, a little brown but distinctly potable.

ALTHOUGH the picture of this ruthless river is one of grim savagery, the scene is also one of unworldly beauty. The many-channeled Amazon winds among tens of thousands of islands, clad in the most extravagant foliage nature has devised. The plant life of the Amazon is the richest on the globe. Of all the world's growing things, 86 per cent are represented here in awesome variety. In a single acre a naturalist found 200 kinds of growth.

Beside a magnificent Brazilian chestnut you may find the utilitarian rubber tree, the fanciful palm, the nut-loaded *babassu*, the golden-fruited mango, the wax-yielding *carnauba*, the gigantic *ceiba* with its arms full of orchids, the umbrella-shaped *capirona* abuzz with wild bees, the calabash with large green footballs hanging from its branches, the banana loaded with ripe fruit, the magnificent *jacaranda* hung with a hundred oriole nests and decked from top to bottom with air-feeding flowers of undreamed-of colors, interlaced with decorative vines.

Hovering over a six-foot-wide Victoria Regia lily is a swarm of small yellow butterflies the size of pennies. Among the reeds at the shore's edge float great black fellows, modernistically marked with ovals of deep green. Drifting through the bamboos are gray bits of paisley shawl, or delicate pieces of gray lace.

Around a monumental mahogany circles a procession of glittering morphos, perhaps the bluest things in the world, iridescent, metallic, flashing in the sunlight like gigantic sapphires. Some are as big as birds, six inches across.

Huge white butterflies glide above the treetops, hardly distinguishable from the white birds which, farther away, drift through the sky—herons, cranes, storks.

Someone has said that tropical birds do not sing. This is nonsense. They are quiet during the heat of the day, but if you get up early enough in the morning, you will hear them sing.

The flautero plays its flute. The jungle doves boom. The tinamous run up and down the scale. The big red-wattled tree turkeys chant their antiphonal responses. The bellbird tolls its bell and the cowlowing bird makes you look for grazing cattle. Meanwhile the gor-

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geous japim oriole has a song as brilliant as its costume.

What a home this is for them all! Here is one-quarter of the world's forest, no end of food, and an endless supply of drinking water.

But that is not all there is to Amazonia. The forest seems to be ever present as you wend the waterways. Naturally it flourishes where the moisture is abundant and constant. It is by far the world's greatest forest—but it covers only a small fraction of giant Amazonia.

Ninety per cent of the Amazon country is terra firma and lies safely above the level of yearly inundations. In fact, two-thirds of Brazil is made up of highlands, suitable to agriculture and cattle-raising, while under them lie untold riches in almost every known mineral.

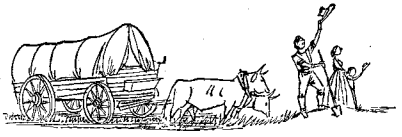
Here are great open "campos" with a larger grass area than that of the famous pampas of Argentina. Here is a cool, sweet climate, somewhat like northern California.

Strange as it seems, the Amazon is the only region on the Equator where heat prostration and sunstroke are uncommon. You never see a pith helmet there. There are extremely heavy rains from October on, and then the weather may become actually chilly. But even during sunny August, there are occasional cold nights.

On the whole, the various climates of the Amazon are quite endurable and healthful. There is no part of the vast area of Amazonia that cannot be inhabited and developed.

And yet this region, approximately the size of the United States, has the population of one second-class American city. If instead of one-half a person to the square mile, it had Java's density of 1,000 to the square mile, its population would be 3,000,000,000 or 600,000,000 *more* than the present population of the globe!

No one would want Amazonia to become as densely inhabited as Java, but the comparison suggests its possibilities as a home for many of the world's crowded millions.



History—on the Jelly Bean Level

THE TEACHER wanted to know how the physical features of our country had influenced its history.

"Well," reasoned Johnny, "if it hadn't been for the Delaware River, Washington couldn't have crossed it." —A. A. BIRMINGHAM

GRANDSON CHRIS AND I were talking about pioneering days. I had told him how the first brave settlers had come West and blazed the trail for others to follow, and how as each new family arrived in a neighborhood, the earlier comers would help them build their log cabin and get started on the new land.

Chris, six, pondered this a little, then observed, "Gee, the ones who came first must have gotten awfully tired."—*Christian Science Monitor*

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FIGHT THAT FIRE!

SHRILL AND PIERCING, the alarm clangs in a darkened firehouse. Sleeping men bound up as though touched on a raw nerve. Within 30 seconds, the hook-and-ladder has roared to life. Somewhere, a fellow human has cried out for help and, in swift reply, fire fighters are off to a rendezvous with heroism, sacrifice and perhaps disaster.

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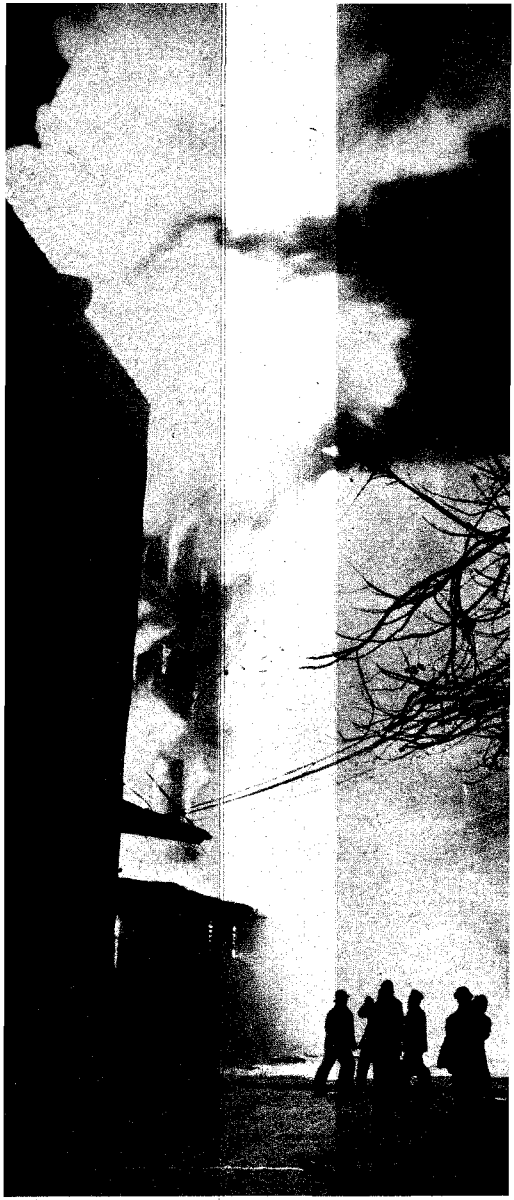

A night alarm means lives at stake. A
corridors, rousing sleepers. Silhouetted
lines open, all the while searching for

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In this most hazardous profession, ice is a prime peril. Hose freezes; footing becomes treacherous. Many a fireman has prayed his way down an ice-glazed ladder, a burden of humanity on his shoulders.

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But the deadliest dang
vading. Only a firemar
"One minute, it hardl

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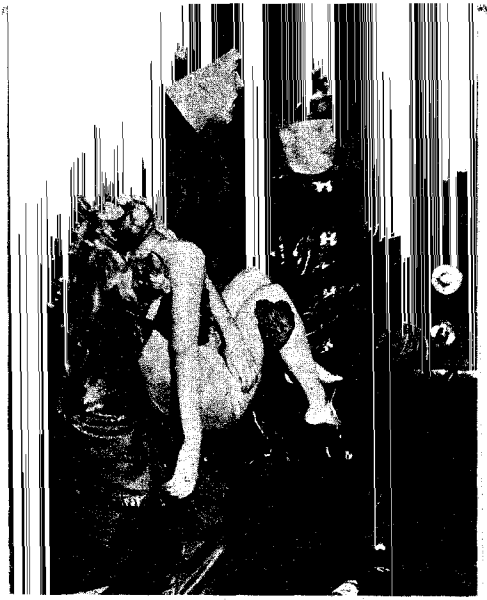
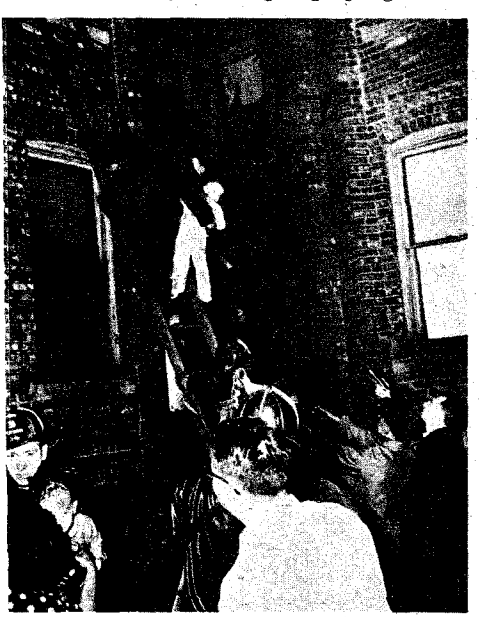


A life of never-ending emergency gives the fire fighter strength, skill and heart—and he needs them all. In the smoky room at the ladder top, he may find a girl gasping for air, a woman pinned by debris . . .



. . . the plaintive fear of a bewildered child. In that first harrowing moment of shock, the fireman's compassion, well-learned in his long, determined fight against tragedy, is a source of quiet strength.

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There's more anonymity than glory. For every rescue recorded by flashbulb, ten are made in back alleys, unheralded and, except for a trembling victim and an exhausted fireman, unknown.

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The hours are grueling and almost endle
fireman may eat smoke for 12 hours—o
Fire fighters are professionals, and courage

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In the engine house,
tireless foe. They g
clangs, they'll come

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The man who broke the Canadian espionage ring tells how . . .

STALIN SENT ME TO SPY SCHOOL

by IGOR GOUZENKO as told to ANNE FROMER

Late one night in the code room of Soviet spy headquarters for North America, Igor Gouzenko put a carefully prepared plan into action. He slipped 109 secret documents into the lining of his coat. Then he walked out of the building—the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa—for the last time.

Why did Gouzenko voluntarily change his allegiance to democracy? What single incident convinced him that the Soviet cause he was serving was false?

In this article are the answers. Here, for the first time, Igor Gouzenko tells the story of one of the most sinister adventures of our time. —The Editors.

MY NAME IS IGOR GOUZENKO. My two children have never heard that name. Nor have our neighbors in the community where we now live quietly as Canadian citizens.

Fewer than a dozen people—my wife, myself, and a tight-lipped handful of Royal Canadian Mounted Police and FBI officials—share the secret. Only they know that the man I now am was the Russian intelligence officer who made a decision which was to change the course of today's history—and tomorrow's.

By my decision I became the first Russian citizen, educated, trained and indoctrinated in Moscow as an agent of clandestine Soviet policy, to change allegiance voluntarily to democracy.

This step does not make me personally important. I did not even know, when I walked through the hidden steel door of the coding section of the Soviet Embassy at Ottawa for the last time, how crucial was the timing of my decision to world affairs.

I brought with me 109 highly incriminatory documents. These, and my personal testimony of activities I participated in both in Moscow and Ottawa, added up to an incredible blueprint of Soviet espi-

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onage, reaching into the heart of every nation.

But did the uncovering of the Soviet spy rings and the launching of strong countermeasures halt the Russian espionage operation? It did not—and that fact seems incredible to the average American. However, to understand why espionage continues unabated, an American must understand:

First, that the violation of another country's private affairs is as much an instrument of Soviet policy as is the Monroe Doctrine an instrument of American policy.

Second, that in the Soviet system, Americans are dealing with a people whose training, whose thinking, whose very conception of right and wrong, of international morality, are utterly contrary to their own.

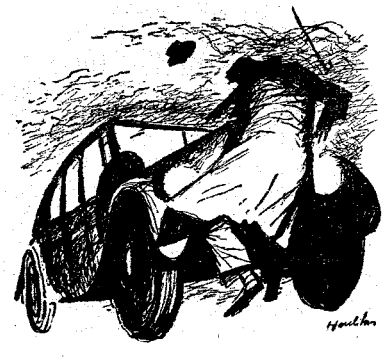
To understand, an American would have to live at first-hand, as I did, the almost unreal life of a Soviet agent at Moscow intelligence headquarters and in the field. Here, for the first time, I can tell publicly the facts I was able to reveal to the authorities of the U. S., Canada and Great Britain.

Even to a Russian nurtured in intrigue it was a strange, single-purposed world of secrecy and discipline which I entered when I was assigned as a code officer to intelligence headquarters in Moscow. This grim, closely guarded building at Kropotkin Gate is the nerve center which both directs the activities and reaps the harvest of espionage information from agents planted all over the world.

It is staffed by 5,000 men and women, specialists in the many fields of science, political analysis, military affairs and economics, and required to interpret, assess and implement the secret information supplied by an even larger army of agents in the field. The directors of this headquarters are inner-circle Russians, but experts working under them are of many nationalities. As colleagues, I had renegade Englishmen, Americans, Canadians, Frenchmen, Turks, Hawaiians and Japanese.

The material on which this large staff worked consisted of a daily flow of coded cable messages, usually routed through Soviet embassies abroad; microfilms of secret documents too long and complex to be coded and cabled, and therefore transmitted by diplomatic mail; scientific formulas and technical layouts brought in personally by official couriers because they were too important or too dangerous to be trusted to any other means of transmission.

The top-secret documents, after I and other code officers had deciphered them, were taken by the Chief of our Section to the Kremlin offices of Stalin, Molotov or Malenkov. Key agents were required to return to Moscow periodically. On



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arrival, they were housed in a government residence outside Moscow, where they were visited almost daily by high Soviet officials, including Stalin himself.

We Soviet agents—that is, Russians specially trained for duties in intelligence headquarters or in the field—were never in any doubt as to the objectives of our work. These were outlined in black and white on our secret indoctrination papers: *The undermining of democratic countries from within. The designing of a plan for delivering major crippling blows when the time becomes ripe. Meanwhile, our continuing assignment is the procurement of a complete picture of the secret and confidential political, economic, military and scientific developments of every country.*

Considering the vastness of the stakes for which Russia is playing, it is easy to understand the motto of Soviet intelligence: "Failure is not tolerated." I was shown proof of the relentless manner in which this policy was carried out, not long after I had joined the intelligence headquarters.

The man in the small office next to mine, a young lieutenant named Panchenko, was in charge of distributing incoming and outgoing telegrams. One afternoon, the entire staff was ordered to assemble to hear an order of the day issued by General Ilyichev, intelligence chief. In terse, cold phrases the message stated that an attendant, while dumping waste paper into the incinerator (every scrap of paper not filed was burned at the end of every working day) had found an envelope containing a memo. This proved to be a code message of instruction from Molotov to Ivan Maisky, Soviet Ambassador in London. The negligence had been traced to Lieutenant Panchenko.

Eight days later we were again assembled to hear an order of the day: "Former Lieutenant Panchenko was this morning, by decision of the Military Tribunal, executed by firing squad."

Our chiefs did not wait for mistakes to turn up. They went searching for them. Any day might bring a general check-up. We would look up from our desks at the sudden opening of the door. N.K.V.D. agents would file into the room. The order would be barked: "Everyone remain seated, hands on desks!" They would then pass through the ranks and search us.

The chief object of the search was to catch anyone who might be taking notes of secret telegrams. The penalty for that, of course, was summary execution. We were shadowed periodically when we left intelligence headquarters, and would be called upon for detailed explanations if there was anything "suspicious" in our movements.

TODAY, MY WIFE ANNA and I are under sentence of death, pronounced in absentia by the Military Tribunal in Moscow. I was ominously aware, when I walked out of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa, my shirt padded with incriminating documents from the secret files, that my next encounter might be with a "wet agent." I knew only too intimately from my association with them in Moscow how these men went about their missions.

Among the telegrams and cables I handled at intelligence head-

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quarters were dozens which concerned "wet affairs"—our euphemism for the liquidation of agents in the field who had failed or outlived their usefulness or were suspected of wavering. A typical such message, addressed to the Chief of Soviet Intelligence in China, read:

"Put away Kim. Entrust Knat with the work . . ." both code names, of course. What Kim's crime was, we never knew. But we did know what led to his body being found not long afterward in an alley in Harbin.

The procedure always followed the same pattern—a pattern based on proved success. When an agent was marked for removal anywhere in the world, it usually became the duty of the military attaché in that country to draw up a detailed plan of action for Moscow's approval. The plan, when agreed upon, was turned over to a special section of Military Intelligence in Moscow known as O.S.Z., the "branch of special tasks."

An "expert in wet affairs," perhaps posing as a diplomatic courier, then flew to the scene. His mission accomplished, he flew back to Moscow like any other diplomatic courier, bearing a pouch of mail. If the pouch happened to be one containing espionage reports, that was just an extra task that the "wet agent" had accomplished.

ONE OF THESE "wet agents" used to eat in our dining room at intelligence headquarters, a beetle-browed, somber man who, even to us trained in ruthlessness, was a menacing figure. On his return after absences of some days, we had a grim indication of the nature of his mission: if it were a successful "wet affair," he would be wearing an addition to the rows of medals on his breast. In other words, a deed which Americans would regard with revulsion was to the Soviet mind an act of distinction.

The most significant fact about Soviet espionage is that this policy of "failure is not tolerated" resulted in almost incredible success. When my revelations of spying in Canada were detailed to Prime Minister King, he asked: "To what extent were these objectives achieved?" The R.C.M.P. briefing officer replied grimly: "Sir, there were no failures!"

I personally had a hand in a dozen examples of top-secret scientific and political information reaching the Soviet Politburo: a significant part of the secret of the atom bomb; files of cables exchanged by the English and Canadian Governments, the contents of which were so secret that they have not yet been made public; reports of confidential American foreign-policy decisions received a matter of hours after they were arrived at; photostats of the contents of an Allied embassy in China, detailing Western policy toward Chiang Kai-shek at the time when China's fate hung in the balance; some 700 pages of the secret library of the National Research Council of Canada, covering detailed reports of findings by American, British and Canadian scientists.

The sharing of military and scientific secrets by the Allies was a great help to Soviet espionage. I recall an occasion in which our intelligence was very anxious to get information on a highly confiden-

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tial matter which was known, as far as we were aware, only to top U. S. officials. But as a matter of routine, the query was sent to agents in no fewer than 20 countries. Soviet agents in America could get nothing on this particular matter—but the right answers came from both Great Britain and Canada.

Usually, however, queries to the U. S. network were most rewarding. Once, in Moscow, I decoded a long cable from our military attaché at Washington and took it into the office of my section chief. He was usually a dour, silent man, but on this occasion he unbent enough to ask me how I was getting along with my work. In the course of the conversation which followed, I asked him how it was that American and English authorities were unable to uncover our agents when there were so many of them.

He smiled wanly. "Our strength is in those very numbers," he answered. "The authorities nip one, and think they have 'cleared up the situation'—but nine stay free to continue our work. Moreover, some of our most valued agents are in such high places that they could scarcely be suspected of treason."

Once an agent, provided with expertly forged papers, was established in a country, his every move was directed by our headquarters. No detail was too small for the personal attention of the Moscow chief. I recall handling an exchange of cables with an agent in a Scandinavian country, whose main source of espionage information was a girl employed in an important government agency. To obtain her complete cooperation, the agent had convinced the girl—her cover name was Marjie—that he was desperately in love with her.

Finally the situation reached a crisis. Marjie wanted to marry the agent, who already had a wife at home. Hurriedly he cabled his chief for instructions. Without delay the latter handed me this reply to be coded and dispatched:

"Marry the girl immediately. We will inform your present wife that Soviet interests require that you do so."

In virtually every country, the Soviet embassy plays a dual role as the seat of normal diplomatic relations—and as headquarters for espionage. Almost every Soviet embassy employee, too, has double functions—only one of which is known to the country to which he is credited.

When my superiors decided to assign me to Canada, I was called into the office of Captain Koudriashov, member of the executive committee of the Soviet intelligence service. He paced the floor as he spoke to me:

"The Canadian Government will be told that your position is that of a secretary. Your specific duties

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are listed as 'reading and clipping Canadian newspapers in order to prepare a thesis on Canadian cultural trends.' But of course, you know what your real duties are...."

Like every other Soviet citizen sent abroad in any capacity whatever, I was given a false biography. My birthplace was given as the town of Gorki. I was falsely described as an economic specialist, a graduate of the Economics Technical Institute at Gorki.

The reason for this is to conceal from other governments the background and training of Russians assigned as clerks, attachés and even ambassadors.

The point is that virtually no Soviet emissary of any rank is "clean." Nearly everyone, from ambassadors down, belongs to one or another branch of Soviet intelligence—military, N.K.V.D., political, scientific or some other of the nine separate espionage networks directed from Moscow.

The Ambassador to Canada when I arrived at the Embassy was Zarubin, a military-intelligence official first and a diplomat second. Zarubin is now Soviet Ambassador at Washington.

The directors of the theft of atomic secrets by Dr. Klaus Fuchs and Harry Gold were Anatoli Yakovlev and Semen Semenov, both legitimately accredited to the U. S. by the Soviet Government.

Two rooms in the Soviet Embassy at Ottawa housed incinerators, an ordinary one for the routine burning of papers, the other a massive furnace intended for the quick destruction of documents in an emergency. Pavlov, the N.K.V.D. head in Canada, who designed it, once told me: "It is big enough to dispose of a man's body."

In this setting I played my role for over a year in the world-wide drama of Russian espionage. Soon after I became an "inside link" in the Soviet's most important network—North America—I became involved in what was later to be known as the Canadian Spy Ring.

Through my hands now began to pass documents of the most secret nature. Now I understood the value of one section of files in Moscow headquarters—a section I had thought was an example of thoroughness carried to extremes. This was nothing less than a complete dossier of every individual in every country who had any connection with government, the armed forces, key industry, or an intellectual or cultural occupation which might be turned to Russia's advantage. Any reader who comes under any of those categories today may be sure that Moscow has a detailed file on his or her professional and personal life and political leanings. I saw how this information was used to the full in Canada.

For example, to obtain material on Canada's military installations, their location, production and technical details of construction, the Canadian agent recruited was Harold Gerson, head of a section of the directorate for war material procurement, as well as a key official of the ammunition branch of the Canadian Government's Department of Munitions and Supply.

To get the desired part of the contents of the confidential document safe of the National Research Council, which detailed secret developments in which the U. S.,

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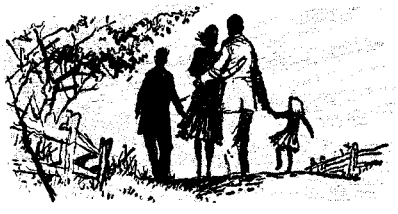
Britain and Canada were collaborating, we enlisted Durnford Smith, research engineer on the staff of the Council. Copies of cables exchanged by the governments of Canada and Britain, their contents so secret that they have not yet been revealed, were obtained for us by Emma Woikin, cipher clerk at the Canadian External Affairs Department.

These are only random examples. The documents I smuggled out of the Soviet Embassy included lists of "cover" names of secret agents of Russian, British, Canadian and U. S. citizenship which ran to three pages. Many of them were identified by clever detective work, prosecuted, and given long sentences.

Looking back to my tour of duty at the Russian Embassy in Ottawa, I can see now that my decision to renounce my country was in the making for months. In fact, that decision started a few minutes before I set foot on Canadian soil.

From the transport plane which brought me to this country from Moscow, I could see the city of Edmonton laid out below, clean, with fine buildings and each house set on its own lot. Major Romanov, on the seat next to me, spoke my thoughts when he said: "I wonder where the workers live?"

It was unthinkable that Canadian workers, who we had been assured were much worse off than Russian workers, could live in such houses. In Moscow, my mother, my sister and I had been fortunate to obtain living quarters in a "model" residential building, which meant that we shared our single room with only three other people. There were two kitchens to serve the entire building, and the stench of stale food, rotting garbage and dirty clothes was everywhere.



On the train en route to Ottawa, we passed a large factory building near Winnipeg, surrounded by parked automobiles. I remarked to a Canadian fellow passenger that there must be a big government inspection at the plant that day. I could think of no other reason why so many cars would be there.

The Canadian answered laughingly: "Why, those cars belong to the factory hands!"

I had been warned to beware of shameless propaganda by the Canadians, but I did not expect anything so brazen as that. For the rest of the journey I carefully avoided conversation with the man.

Once we had settled in Ottawa, the differences between Canada and Russia were a revelation to Anna and myself; the vast variety of food, clothing and other articles at low prices in stores open to everyone. In Moscow, Anna would return home triumphant if a wait of several hours in a line-up rewarded her with a single onion!

But the turning point in my decision came one day in an Ottawan fruit store we frequented. The old Lithuanian immigrant dealer, unmindful of the presence of customers, verbally attacked the party in power. "No damn chance I vote for

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the Liberals again!" he shouted. At first, we were frightened by his boldness, but soon this little man became for me a living symbol of democracy in action. It was perhaps he, more than anyone else, who put me on the path which I was soon to take.

Our attitude may seem naive to you—it seems so to us today. But it is important to understand that the truth about the democratic way of life takes time to make its impact on people who have grown up under Soviet indoctrination, even those who get the rare opportunity to live in a democracy.

It is important because so many Westerners believe that only lack of communication prevents the Russian people from knowing the truth about conditions in the democracies, that a few radio broadcasts or pamphlets can bridge the gap.

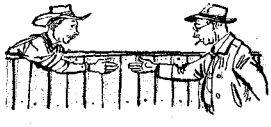
That is simply not so. I myself must confess that even after I had made the decision to renounce the Russian way of life, I could not convince myself that democratic freedom was actually as real as it appeared on the surface. Until near the end, for example, I carefully avoided conversation while waiting for an Ottawa streetcar, if one of the transit company girls who sold tickets and guided travelers happened to be standing nearby. Embassy officials were convinced that these girls were Canadian secret police, assigned to listen to and report on the people.

Today, I believe more than ever that what I did, all the risks I took —and am still taking—to reveal to the democracies the extent and purpose of Soviet espionage, were worth while. Prime Minister King was good enough to tell me publicly: "You have accomplished an historical act. The people of the world are your debtors."

I can accept this as deserved only if the free people of the world will cease to be indifferent to the heritage that is theirs, only if they will defend their priceless democracy both physically and spiritually.

To appreciate your own good fortune in being a citizen of a democracy, you should know what Soviet agents who are working for the downfall of Western nations really think about the Americans, Canadians and Englishmen who undertake espionage work for Russia. Lieutenant Colonel Rogov, one of the Soviet espionage directors in Canada, put this feeling into words one night when we were returning from a meeting with one such agent:

"I cannot understand these people. How can they betray such a country? What more could they possibly want?"



The Neighbors

YOU'RE never quite sure how you feel about a neighbor until a "For Sale" sign suddenly appears in front of his house.—O. A. BATTISTA

WHEN you move into a new neighborhood, beware of the neighbor who warns you against the other neighbors. —ANONYMOUS

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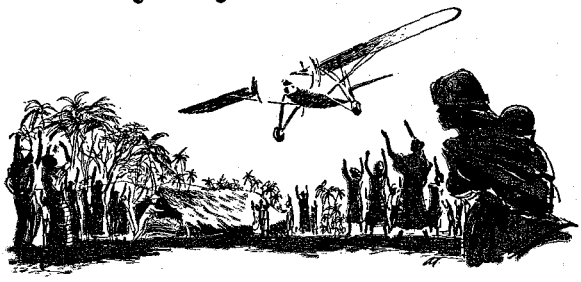
They Fly for God



by GRADY JOHNSON

Missionary planes are the latest advancement in spreading the gospel

A LITTLE BROWN-SKINNED BOY was dying from snake bite in the heart of a steaming Ecuadorean jungle. His grieving mother, remembering the missionary's words about God looking out for all peoples, brought the boy to his door.

The missionary, seeing at a glance that the boy urgently needed medical attention, turned to a radio in his study. In 90 minutes, a small missionary plane, flown by a crack pilot—the latest advancement in spreading the gospel—had landed on a rough field near the thatch house. Soon it was winging the boy toward a modern hospital.

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," the missionary reminded the mother when the pilot radioed back that the boy would recover after a 25-minute journey which would have taken days by pack mule, the only other means of transportation.

Again in Ecuador, the nine-year-old son of Rev. Morris Fuller was helping his missionary father saw wood with a gasoline-driven saw when he slipped and suffered a dangerous cut on his arm. In less than an hour, Fuller had radioed for help and a Stinson Station Wagon, quickly converted into a flying ambulance, had landed at his mission post and taken the bleeding boy to a doctor.

In these cases—and in others too numerous to mention—tragedy might have resulted had it not been for the pioneering work of several disassociated groups who since World War II have been using planes in missionary work.

Thanks to their wings, missionaries who heretofore spent one-third of their time hacking their way through disease-infested jungles, climbing frozen mountain passes and skirting head-hunters' villages, today are flying the gospel into these areas, landing their small planes on crude airstrips which they build themselves. One mission

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group credits the plane and radio with enabling it to get 50 years of missionary work done in five.

Although the idea of flying missionaries was conceived in the late 1920s, it didn't develop to any great extent until after World War II. Pilots who had been active church workers before the war saw in it a chance to continue flying while serving Christianity. Many offered their services to any group which would buy them a plane.

In Tournapull, Georgia, Robert Gilmour LeTourneau, former president of the Gideons and now head of a $26,000,000 earth-moving machinery plant, listened with interest to a missionary's story of travel hardships in Africa. LeTourneau, a noted philanthropist who regards God as his business partner, started a Missionary Flying School which, he hopes, will grow into a mighty armada of flying missionaries.

In Los Angeles, the movement inspired James Truxton, former Navy Pilot, and J. Grady Parrott, ex-RAF instructor, to found their Missionary Aviation Fellowship. Not preaching themselves, but acting as servants to a dozen missions, they have been flying for six years, and today have five planes and nine pilots, including a woman, comely former WASP Betty Greene.

In its first year MAF was $450 in debt. To add to their problems they cracked up a four-passenger ship in a Mexican jungle. Tall, intense Charlie Mellis, secretary-treasurer of MAF, says he prayed for the money, and soon received a check for $500 from a man who had no idea of their financial predicament.

In many parts of the world, the missionary plane has become a symbol of God to superstitious natives. In sections of West Africa, natives prostrated themselves before the craft as missionary-pilots climbed out. Impressed with the magic wings and radio's voice, they have been swayed to accept the strange God who wrought these "miracles" and the earnest white men who carry Him in a "book."

Although MAF has a record of no fatalities in its operation, at least seven pilots have given their lives in the last eight years.

One accident in which a pilot and two missionaries were killed drew a vehement protest from 44-year-old Irwin A. Moon of Los Angeles, founder of the Moody Institute of Science, a branch of the huge Moody Bible Institute in Chicago.

"Pilots who 'fly for God' need more than a wing-and-a-prayer in the rough country over which they fly," preacher-pilot Moon asserts. "They've got to have two good wings and the know-how to keep them up."

TOWARD THIS END, he organized a missionary technical course four years ago at Moody Institute, where young "missionary servants" are taking a stringent four-year course in flying, aviation mechanics and communications. Prospective students have to qualify on the basis of five aptitude tests, and the "wash-out" rate is large because the Institute gives its students a stiff two-year Bible course "to make certain they are sincere and aren't just trying to earn wings."

Advanced students who started the course three years ago already are in the field, flying for missions

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all over the world. Some of them, graduates of the Institute's theological school, preach as well as fly.

Moon, well-known among churchmen for his "sermons from science," which offer scientific phenomena as proof of God's existence, has made an impressive film, "To Every Creature," depicting the work of the missionary flyer in Peru.

The movie tells of a native girl who fell dangerously ill of an infected spleen. Wycliffe missionary Esther Matteson reported the girl's illness by radio. In less than two hours, pilot Larry Montgomery arrived at the post in a small seaplane and took the girl to a hospital.

The ordeal of Florence Nichel, an expectant mother, and her missionary husband during a cruel 21-day trek out of the jungle, is also told in the film. Montgomery flew them back to their post—over a war party of savages and head-hunters—in just two hours.

Examples of the plane's effectiveness are many. A nurse was flown into the mountains. She had expected to treat a sick child, but discovered that the baby's mother was critically ill. Unprepared for this emergency, she sent the pilot back for the needed medicines. In a few hours, the woman rallied, and another life was saved because of the missionaries. In Oaxaca, a girl Bible translator was carried on a stretcher to a beach five miles distant and flown from there to a hospital by young James Lomheim, flying missionary from Onida, South Dakota.

With the plane has come, too, a new-fashioned missionary who wins friends with food and medicine before going after their souls. With 1,000,000,000 people in the world who never heard of Christ, and the world's population increasing at the rate of 55,000 a day, missionaries regard their new planes, less expensive than burros, as the only hope of bringing the gospel to them.

At Chicago, the Moody Institute has in its files records of World War II pilots being converted to Christianity when their planes were forced down in the Solomon Islands. There they were preached to by a former head-hunter who had been led down the sawdust trail by some long-forgotten missionary.

"If we can fly in candidates for religion," says one missionary with a wry smile, "we certainly are going to keep on flying in the preachers."

Ups and Downs

A CUTE GAL elevator operator, exposed for the umpteenth time, to the remark, "I suppose you have your ups and downs," snapped back, "It's not the ups and downs that bother me. It's the jerks!"

—BILL KENNEDY (*L. A. Herald Express*)

AS I GOT ON the elevator, I heard the operator tell the starter: "The generator was turned off. I got stuck between floors for 55 minutes. It was really awful!"

The starter was sympathetic: "Worried about an accident?"

"No," explained the operator unhappily. "It was supposed to be my lunch hour."

—PAUL DENIS

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Grin and

A HUSKY CITY YOUTH applied for a job on a farm. He was accepted, given a big supper and sent to bed. Next morning, the farmer shook the boy awake with a hearty: "Hey, lad, it's four-thirty!"

"Four-thirty?" mumbled the youth sleepily. "Well, Pop, that's pretty late. It's time you got to bed! You must have a lot of work to do tomorrow!" —*Waldmere Hotel "Welcome"*

THE LATE Sir Aubrey Smith liked to dine quietly. Consequently he was rather put out when, in a Hollywood restaurant, he happened to be seated near a noisy fellow who kept calling for the waiter.

"What do you have to do," demanded the objectionable one finally, "to get a glass of water in this dump?"

The sedate, polished Sir Aubrey turned to the man and said quietly: "Why don't you try setting yourself on fire?" —*English Digest*

"THAT CHAIR," a salesman told a client, "is worth $5,000."

"How could a chair like that be worth $5,000?" scoffed the client.

"That's what it cost me last year," the salesman explained. "Sitting in it instead of going out after business." —*The Employer's Pioneer*

A PSYCHIATRIST was interviewing an applicant for the job of secretary. A sweet young thing, she hung eagerly on his words as he explained about the types of patients who came to the office.

"Now for instance," he said, "a patient was in here the other day who thought some little men were following him. I suggested that he open the door a little way, slip through quickly and shut the door, and the little men would not get through but would stay behind."

"And did they?" asked the girl breathlessly. —MRS. EARL H. TRYON

CHECKING a no-parking zone, a policeman found a car occupied by two elderly women and asked them sternly: "Do you ladies want a ticket?"

After a whispered consultation, one answered politely, "No, thank you, young man. Because you see, we never win a thing!" —*Maclean's*

AFTER a convivial evening with some friends, he was making his weaving way home when he ran smack into a tree.

Cautiously he backed off and tried once again. Again he collided. Tightening his jaw, he made another attempt; then still another. It was no use. Each time his wobbling feet brought him back up against that tree.

Finally he sank down in a dejected huddle at its base, muttering in confusion: "Lost, lost, in an impenetrable forest!" —*Wall Street Journal*

SOON AFTER they started, his mother began to regret having taken Johnny along on the shopping tour. When she wanted to hurry, he pulled back. If she stopped to look

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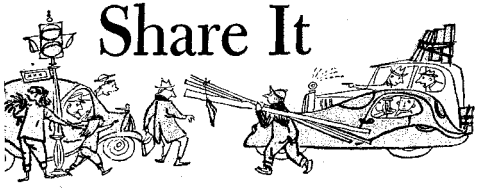
Share It



into a store window, he was tugging at her coat to go on. Exasperated, she finally warned him: "No more of this or I'll spank you right here on the street."

Johnny looked around, then said with obvious new interest, "Where would you sit?" —Frances Rodman

A soldier about to go overseas told Bert Parks that he was "sort of engaged." The "Double or Nothing" emcee asked what he meant.

"I've picked the girl," explained the soldier, "but I haven't asked her yet."

"What if she says no?" Parks asked him.

"Then she'll be just as unreliable as all women."

"If women are so unreliable, why do you want to marry one?"

The soldier shrugged. "What else is there to marry?" —Paul Denis

"Whenever I try to do the right thing, I put my foot in it," a young hostess moaned. "At my party last night, one of my guests started a naughty story and I told him he could just get his hat and go home."

"A little drastic perhaps," her friend suggested, "but your heart was in the right place anyway. What happened?"

"Half the other guests went with him—to hear the rest of the story," the hostess wailed. —Adrian Anderson

"I bought my baby a thousand-dollar bond today," said the happy young father.

"What on earth could he do with the money by the time he grows up?" inquired a pessimistic friend.

"Oh," beamed the father, "he'll buy a new suit when he graduates from high school." —*Christian Science Monitor*

Mother sent little Willie over to play at his cousin's house. When he returned almost immediately, she wanted to know why.

"Well, something told me Aunt Mary didn't want me," he said.

"Did she say so?"

"No-o," Willie said, "but she put me out on the porch and then locked all the doors." —*Dixie Roto Magazine*

The young lawyer was amazed to see Old Dan from the back hills, standing on the railroad platform with his Bible under his arm. "Why, Uncle Dan," he asked, "where on earth are you going?"

"Done read about them places down in Nashville," the old man chuckled. "Dancing girls, fiddlers and bright lights—I'm agoin' to see for myself."

"But why the Bible?" asked the puzzled lawyer.

"Well, if it's as good as I'm a-hearin'," Old Dan replied, "I'm a-aiming to stay until Sunday."

—Carol Hughes

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contribution can be acknowledged or returned.

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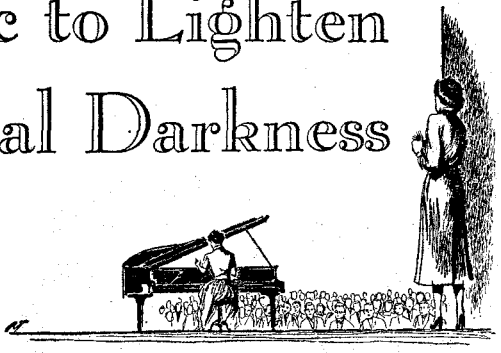
Music to Lighten Mental Darkness



by CAROL HUGHES

A singing star gives up her career to help those who "live in the shadow"

THE LIGHTS went down. Silence descended over the audience sitting quietly in a red-curtained, white-walled auditorium. A stately woman came out onto the platform, dressed in evening clothes.

Introduced simply as "Miss Brown," she took her place at the piano in one of the most unusual concerts that the New York area has ever witnessed. For almost two hours the artist played, entirely from memory, a flawless concert consisting of difficult numbers.

When she had finished, the applause was deafening. She was called back again and again for encores. The performance was so perfect, the audience so well-behaved, that it might have been a concert at Carnegie Hall. Instead, it was a concert at the Pilgrim State Hospital in West Brentwood, Long Island, New York.

The audience in most part was made up of 1200 patients who were mentally ill. The white-coated attendants standing against the walls, hands folded, had nothing to do but listen. "Miss Brown," the pianist, who was a mental patient of long standing, possessed the stage presence of a seasoned performer.

When it was over, she turned to a beautiful woman standing tensely in the wings, clutching a bouquet of roses. "Did I please you?" she asked anxiously. The woman, Edwina Eustis, radio, opera and concert singer, placed an arm around her and said gently: "You pleased me very much."

The performance was largely due to this quiet and charming woman whose record of good works and service has few equals. That Edwina Eustis has spent several years teaching and helping the mentally ill means a real sacrifice on her part—although she would never consider it so. For the talented Miss Eustis could have spent those same years on opera stages, in concerts or as a radio singer. That she has given

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the last decade almost entirely to a life of service is the most satisfying aspect of her career.

"Though applause is gratifying," she says, "rarely in any of the activities of composing and performing, in concert halls and on opera stages, do we help others. Music therapy for the mentally ill is a channel through which to give abundantly to those whose need is desperate—in short, to give valuable assistance in healing the sick and suffering."

THE WOMAN who speaks these words has shown by action that she means what she says. Already her contribution in one large mental hospital has proved of tremendous value, opened new avenues of treatment, offered proven statistics on the value of music therapy. Ultimately, what she and others are doing may prove of far-reaching importance on a global scale.

Dr. Harry J. Worthing, senior director of Pilgrim State Hospital, largest institution for mental diseases in the world with over 14,000 patients, stated after a year's diligent trial of music therapy: "It is my opinion that music has a definite place in the program of any well-organized mental hospital."

Now, Edwina Eustis is seeking musicians, as music therapists and instructors, to study with a view toward making this important work their career. As secretary of the National Association for Music Therapy, she has seen in several colleges in the last year the development of courses of study in music therapy. Stressing practical experience as well as the theory of music as an adjunctive therapy, these courses require in addition to class credits a minimum of six months' internship in mental hospitals, many of which have working agreements with colleges in this field.

She believes that "musicians can look forward to careers as therapists at adequate compensation, when the value of music as auxiliary therapy is more widely recognized by those charged with responsibility for running our public hospitals, and when they, in turn, are assured that trained therapists are available."

Some ten years ago, Edwina Eustis was one of the shining stars of opera, concert and radio. After earning degrees from the graduate school of Juilliard in New York and the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, she made her concert debut as a Naumburg prize-winner. Known and seen by millions of people, through her ten years as contralto soloist in Radio City Music Hall, she had leading roles with the Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, New York City Stadium, Russian and New Opera companies.

It was from this career that Miss Eustis went to the USO during World War II and volunteered her services. She made one request: "I know there are groups that go over for a few months and return. I want to go for the duration and longer, if I am then needed in hospitals."

They asked if she could secure her own accompanist and be ready in one week. She knew exactly the person she wanted, but feared Marion Carley of CBS might not like the prospect of spending years overseas. But Miss Carley was delighted, and the two left in November, 1943.

Before they returned, they had covered all five Atlantic and three

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Pacific theaters of war. They gave more than 1,000 official performances, often in front-line hospitals. On Sundays they worked with the chaplains, doing as many as seven church services a day.

The USO soon learned that Edwina Eustis was a favorite of GI's wherever she went. A slender, tall girl with blue eyes and brown hair, she endeared herself by announcing on bulletin boards that, in her concert, she would sing whatever the boys wanted to hear.

By the time the war was over, the Eustis-Carley team had almost circled the globe and given two and a half years to whatever duty called them. Edwina says: "I was so completely GI when I came home, it was difficult to talk to women. I found myself staring at their lovely clothes and beautiful hair."

By going off the beaten path, Edwina had found a satisfying career of service. Instead of seeking the limelight again, she surveyed the home front for a place where she might be needed. Then two things happened that changed her life.

She married a successful attorney, Alexander C. Dick. Next, she applied to the Hospitalized Veterans' Music Service of the Musicians' Emergency Fund for duty in New York City or its environs, in any work which she could perform.

Through the Musicians' Emergency Fund, she was asked if she would conduct a special project in music therapy for the mentally ill. No need to point out to her that she would be spending her days among people capable of violence. All she said was: "Will I qualify?"

The actual work began in September, 1949, financed by the Emergency Fund. At West Brentwood, she spent grueling hours in unrelieved activity, taking one group of mentally ill at a time, singing almost constantly, conducting classes in dancing, mingling with people isolated by their own sorrows.

To deal day after day with these seemingly lost men and women would seem to be a depressing task. But in the case of Miss Eustis, it has proved a privileged challenge. As one staff member says:

"To watch Miss Eustis at work in the wards leaves the uninitiated amazed at her poise. The customary air of guarded caution that prevails in most such hospitals is thrown to the winds when she enters one of the large open rooms, with perhaps 50 patients wandering around. She walks everywhere with complete self-confidence. She knows no fear, and no harm has ever touched her. Somewhere behind every patient's curtain of silence, she believes that there is hope."

For the first observational project, 41 patients were chosen, all of whom had failed to improve under any form of therapy. Only eight had any musical background; and attendance was wholly voluntary.

As director, Edwina had six assistants, most of whom had extensive musical training and professional experience. One assistant, a young girl, went on to equip herself with the qualification Edwina would like to see in other young musicians —a full year's internship at Pilgrim.

While this project was to be a test, Edwina was to carry on other classes covering an entire building. For 16 weeks she conducted a program once a week in a ward of acutely disturbed women patients,

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singing simple well-known songs to the accompaniment of an auto harp. Finally an ensemble of seven male patients was organized, and after the initial training period, they gave programs to patients in six buildings.

Something of the ability and beloved qualities of Edwina Eustis came out strikingly in the attitude of the patients which she tested in musical therapy set up in conjunction with electric-shock treatment. Since shock treatment is admittedly severe, there was such general restlessness and noise that the doctor endorsed the plan of music both before and after. Soon this group spoke for itself to the medical world.

With a small portable record-player, and with Edwina standing by singing softly at times and changing the records, music proved an aid in augmenting the effects of the treatments. Later, eleven of the group were brought together for a discussion.

To the question: "What do you think of having music with the treatment?"—the answers were: "It's wonderful," "It's very good" and "We all think it's so good because it helps eliminate the sounds of the other patients, especially before going in for treatment."

When asked: "If music could be heard in only one place, where would you prefer having it?"—the answers were: "Before we go in," "Yes, while we're waiting" and "We're afraid before we do go in, but music soothes."

Edwina's background prepared her well for the career she has chosen. Born in the Bronx, New York, music was an important part of her household through three generations. From 1925 to 1931, she studied at Juilliard and Curtis, and won a Naumburg Debut Prize in 1931, performing at Town Hall in New York.

Other mental institutions from as far away as California are currently taking an interest in what Edwina has done at Pilgrim. Right now, she would like to continue actively in organization work. That she would be an inspired crusader is evident in this tribute from Dr. Worthing: "Miss Eustis has shown great ability in the understanding and handling of patients' problems and in the study of the effect of music on different types. It has been a great pleasure to the hospital personnel, as well as to patients, to have her associated with us."

It may well be that Edwina Eustis has carved a larger niche in the world of music than all the glory of the world's greatest operas—for she has donated her talents to serving humanity.

Interplanetary Affair

A motion picture story editor reports that the science fiction trend has caused a revision in Hollywood's classic plot-formula. The new story line runs: Boy meets girl.—Boy loses girl.—Boy *builds* girl.

—*The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*

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The Convict Who Broke Into Prison

by JACK ROSS

John Carroll heard that his wife was dying and knew he had to get her out of prison, but he was behind bars, too

THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY at Leavenworth, Kansas, is a gigantic cage of cement and steel. Over the years, many men have tried to break out. Few got beyond the great stone wall.

With John P. Carroll, it was different. The day he was led through the massive gates, he began planning his break and during all the 11 months that followed, his waking hours were dedicated to just one thought: escape. He studied the guards, kept one ear attuned to the prison grapevine, catalogued every scrap of information that might conceivably be of use—before he made his first move.

The supper whistle had just sounded on a bleak winter evening in 1927. In the prison shoe shop, the clack-clack of machines and the grating of packing cases being dragged over the stone floor ceased. Men formed a gray, shuffling line. Only John Carroll didn't move. Thin lips set sullenly, he remained crouched behind his stitching machine, waiting, waiting.

Thompson, the assistant shop foreman, turned back to make sure the shop was empty. Carroll straightened.

"Hey, Thompson!" he called out sharply.

One hand resting ready on his open holster, the foreman walked warily toward him.

"Listen, Thompson," said Carroll, "I know how you can make $34,000—easy and quick." He spoke swiftly, eyes fixed on the foreman's small, pinched face. "Think what you could do with 34 Gs.

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You'd be done with this dump forever—you and me both."

This was the critical moment. Had he measured his man correctly? He had seen the restless dissatisfaction in Thompson's eyes; he had heard him curse the prison, the warden, the low pay. But would he really play along when the chips were down?"

"What's the deal?" It was more a challenge than a question.

"Just this: I got over $68,000 stashed away across the Tennessee line. Thirty-four grand of it is yours if you help me crash out."

The guard's jaw muscles twitched, and Carroll had his answer.

"It'll be a cinch," he grinned, and outlined his plan.

They built a crate just large enough for a man to squeeze into and hid it in an unused corner; but days and weeks passed, and Carroll made no move. The timing had to be just right—there would be no second chance. Then, on the afternoon of February 28, 1927, John Carroll suddenly learned that unless he made his break at once, he need never bother.

He was hunched over his stitching machine in the prison shoe shop when a hand brushed his and he felt a piece of paper thrust furtively against his palm. The prison grapevine was at work, and Carroll knew better than to look up. Instead, his fingers closed over the paper; he went on with his stitching.

From the corner of his eye, he located the broad, blue back of the guard at the far end of the room. He shot a glance at Thompson, scowling as always on his little platform by the barred window. Then he lowered his eyes and, one hand still working his machine, he smoothed out the sheet of crumpled paper . . . .

John Carroll had a criminal record that reached back into his boyhood. He had robbed and swindled —and worse. He was cold, vicious, seemingly heartless. But the three sentences he read hit him hard. They were from his wife, Mabel, and they said:

"Your moll has t.b. bad. I'll die if you don't get me out. I'm in Dormitory D at Leeds."

It had been a long time since John Carroll had seen his wife, but never once had she been out of his mind. She was more than his wife: she was his brains—and whatever heart he had.

She had taken him from cheap, drugstore stick-ups to big-time banditry—post offices, trains, country estates—until their known take spiraled to more than $250,000. Federal agents and police from a score of Eastern cities called them the Millionaire Bandits.

Captured at last, they were separated by state lines and prison walls; and John Carroll began scheming toward the day he and Mabel would be together again. Now he knew that day would never come unless he made his break for freedom at once.

He knew her horror of death. He could imagine her agony at the thought of dying in prison. He had to get her out, but to get her out, he had to get himself out!

The crumpled note in his hand was about to trigger the most amazing adventure in penal history.

When the whistle blew, Carroll flashed a signal at Thompson. They waited until the convicts had filed

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out. Then Carroll whispered, "It's got to be tonight."

"Why tonight?" Thompson asked nervously.

"Never mind the questions. I tell you it's got to be tonight!"

Thompson shrugged, and convict and keeper walked toward the row of packing cases on the delivery line. Quickly they pulled their specially built crate out of the shadows. Thompson hastily scrawled a name and the address of his room in town on a label, and tacked it to the cover.

"Now go down to my cell and get Johnson," said Carroll. "He knows the whole deal and he can keep his mouth shut. He'll nail me in here while you send the elevator up. Then he'll help you carry the box out."

In a few moments Carroll's cell mate appeared. Without a spoken word, Carroll stepped into the crate. Half-crouching, he watched Johnson swing the cover on. Then blackness closed about him. The thud of a hammer signified the final sealing. A wave of fear hit Carroll as he waited in the narrow confines of his tiny cell.

What if Thompson crosses me? What about Mabel? . . .

He felt himself tilt forward. There was a jarring crash that rattled his teeth, a steady jolting, then—silence. Carroll could feel his heart pound. It was getting hard to breathe. He heard the clang of iron against iron.

The gate! They're opening the outside gate! . . .

The crate jerked, the jolting started again. He was through!

The sense of elation stayed with him until suddenly he felt a stunning blow on the top of his head. When the pain abated, it took him a moment to orient himself—to realize with mounting horror that the crate had been flung down upended. He was standing on his head!

He was to remain that way for almost an hour!

CARROLL STRUGGLED out of a half-coma into blinding light. The blood pounded in his temples as he tried to pull himself erect and marshal his senses. Then he saw Thompson.

With a supreme effort, Carroll stood up. The bright light dazzled him and his head ached with a fierce intensity.

"You got the clothes?" he asked.

Thompson pointed to a chair.

"I got to get back to the prison. Let's get moving. I'll wait for you downstairs."

Carroll pulled himself together. Everything had gone off as planned, but from now on he was on his own. And what he proposed to do was fantastic.

He put on the clothes Thompson had left for him and slipped down the stairs. When he stepped out into the night he stood for a moment on the sidewalk.

By a clock in a store across the street, he saw that it was 10 P.M. He would have been reported missing at evening checkup, but they'd comb the prison grounds all night before they decided he must have

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broken out somehow. He nodded to Thompson standing in the shadows and together they started for the bus station. There, he waited outside while Thompson went in and checked the Kansas City schedule.

"See you at the Crest View Hotel in K. C. tomorrow," said the guard, then he walked briskly away.

Carroll stepped into the darkened bus and, so far as the authorities were concerned, vanished from sight. Soon local detectives and agents of the Bureau of Investigation were seeking him in six states, all the while nervously waiting for him to strike first. They were to wait almost six months.

During that time, working quietly and cunningly, Carroll located a Leeds prison matron and, posing as an engineer, got a detailed description of the prison dormitories from her—plus the exact position of Mabel Carroll's cell.

In the last week of July, John Carroll bought a second-hand car, a case of steel hacksaw blades, a saw frame, a ladder, a box of cayenne pepper, a supply of naphtha soap and a long length of stout rope.

Three hours before dawn on July 27, he drew up outside the towering wall of Leeds Prison for Women. Quietly, he loosened his equipment and edged up to the wall.

Cautiously he leaned the ladder against it and climbed to the top. Inch by inch, he raised his head until he could see into the yard. Then he pulled himself up on top of the wall and lay flat so that he presented no silhouette. He hauled the ladder up and over. In another moment, he was inside.

Moving soundlessly across the yard, he reached the shelter of the squat dormitory in the center. A low, eerie whistle—a signal he and Mabel had used often—floated up to the dark window.

For a while there was only silence. Then, from above a whistle answered faintly.

Crouching against the wall, Carroll peered upward until he saw a ghostly white arm reaching out into the night. Twirling his rope once, he tossed it up. It fell back. Again he threw, and again it fell back. On the third attempt, he almost shouted as it was caught.

Waiting until he felt a series of short jerks on the ropes, Carroll pulled it taut and made his way up hand over hand. By the time he reached the first level of windows and hauled himself onto the coping that circled the building, he was panting heavily. But it didn't matter. He had reached his wife.

"YOU CAME!" he heard her whisper out of the darkness.

"You knew I would, baby."

For a brief moment, he pressed her hand to his cheek. It was dry, feverish. Reluctantly he let it go and, lying prone on the coping, rubbed the naphtha soap across a saw blade. Then he passed it through the window and together they began to work the saw back and forth across a bar.

The naphtha deadened the sound, but they had to stop frequently to change blades and rub on more soap. He could hear her gasping as she pushed and pulled.

"Tired?" he whispered. "Want to rest awhile?"

"No."

Shadows were beginning to take form in the first flush of dawn when

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the bars were cut at last. Mabel pushed her head and arms into the opening and squirmed through. Carroll guided her as she slid to the ground. He followed quickly and they slipped across the still deserted yard to the wall.

As they went, he sprinkled the cayenne behind them to throw bloodhounds off their scent. In another moment, they were over the wall and in the car.

Close to her now, he whispered, "How bad are you, baby?"

And she answered, "Real bad, Johnny. I'm sick."

"It's all right now, baby. I'm going to take care of you now."

Within a month, a Wilmington, Delaware, socialite reported $40,000 in jewlery stolen. In Iron Hill, Maryland, a post office was robbed of $20,000. These, and a rapid series of burglaries and forgeries, led authorities to the conclusion that the Carrolls were back in business.

Meanwhile, too, after chasing him halfway across the country, Federal agents finally caught up with Assistant Shop Foreman Thompson in New Orleans. Willingly he confessed his complicity in Carroll's escape. He was weary of the chase, convinced at last that his $3,000 annual salary would have been a better bargain than Carroll's promised $34,000—even if he had ever gotten it.

Late in May, 1928, the postmaster at Colesburg, Iowa, sent a wire to the Bureau of Investigation offices in Omaha: "Telegram received this office for father of Mabel Carroll requesting $100."

G-men traced the telegram to Philadelphia. From there the trail led to a hotel in nearby Chester, then back to Philadelphia.

On the evening of June 11, detectives fanned out in the streets surrounding a dingy rooming house. Just past midnight, the door opened. John Carroll, looking drawn and tired, shuffled slowly down the steps. Two men walked toward him. He started to cross the street, but they blocked his way.

"It's all over, Carroll," one of the men said. "You're under arrest."

The convict smiled bleakly. "Anything you say, Officer." He extended his wrists for the handcuffs.

"Where's your wife?"

John Carroll's reply was almost a whisper: "I broke out of Leavenworth to save her from dying in prison. The jobs I pulled were to buy her things that would make her happy—she was a pretty sick girl. I'm ready to go back now. But you can forget about Mabel. She died five months ago."

The Eternal Chase

THERE WAS A time when a fellow asked his intended: "Can you cook?" Now he asks her: "Can you tie a Windsor knot?" —PAUL STEINER

SOME MEN ALWAYS keep to the same routine: wine, women, and s'long. —*London Opinion*

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How Do You Do on INTRODUCTIONS?

by HELEN COLTON

Giving the right names at the right times can add much to your social stature

TWO MEN were lunching at the next table, and I could not help overhearing the way the host introduced his guest to a man who stopped briefly.

"Mr. Harumph, I'd like you to meet Mr. Galubb." Anyway, that was what the names sounded like to me.

After the man left, the introducee turned to the introducer and asked, "Who'd you say that was? I didn't quite catch his name."

"Jim Groverton."

"Jim Groverton?" the first man exclaimed. "I wish I'd known that. I've been hoping to meet him for a long time."

He sounded annoyed. I didn't blame him either. For lack of a good introduction, he didn't realize that he had been talking with someone whom he was especially eager to meet.

Good introductions can be a real asset, a valuable tool, in our lives. Telling us each other's names is the least of the many things good introductions do.

For instance, next time you give a party, try introducing your guests in advance. How? By "briefing" them, at the time you invite them, on each other's particular accomplishments, interesting activities or occupations, hobbies, recent travels.

The advance introductions will not only provide your guests with conversational openings when they meet face-to-face, but they will also make them eager to know each other long before they ever arrive at your party.

Jane Alexander, active in her PTA, will look forward to exchanging notes with Mary Bennett, who, you have told Jane, is president of her own PTA chapter. Bill Ward, who putters around and does some home carpentering, will want to discuss techniques and tools with Bob Jones, who runs a backyard woodworking shop as a hobby.

If one guest is well-known in his particular field, or has an unusually interesting job, be sure to tell the others beforehand. *They* may have

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some experience to tell about that will interest him.

Probably you will also want to explain in advance what a title like Doctor stands for. We automatically assume "Doctor" means a medical man. But it could also mean someone with a degree in philosophy, education, chemistry, literature or music.

As a group, perhaps the most badly introduced people are married girls who have careers under their maiden names. If you introduce them by their marriage names, you ignore their accomplishments under their maiden names. If you use their maiden names, you may offend their husbands and give people a misimpression.

Living in Hollywood, my husband and I meet many married career girls. We have evolved an introduction that makes everybody happy. We say "This is Carol Lane Brown—she writes under the name of Carol Lane."

Children, too, are often introduced badly—when adults bother to introduce them at all. We would not put two strange adults in a room and let them fall into acquaintanceship by themselves; yet many people do that to youngsters.

Introductions for children should be no different whatever from those for grownups. Give them full names —not just: "This is Tommy, Billy, Mary and Jane." As you introduce a newcomer, don't skip the children in the room, intending to come back to them afterward.

What if you start to introduce a friend and suddenly find you have forgotten his name? That is the kind of situation we read about and chuckle over. There is no getting away from the fact we *do* feel embarrassed when it happens to us.

It happened to me only once. I turned to my friend and said apologetically, "I guess my brain must be tired. It's strange, but I can't remember your name at this moment." My friend understood.

To save embarrassment for someone who hesitates for an instant when introducing me, I say my name myself quickly, casually.

Actually, one simple rule can take care of all introduction situations: *ask* people beforehand how they want to be introduced. Does a divorcee wish to be introduced by her ex-husband's name or her maiden name? Does Leslie want his name pronounced Le*ss*lie or Le*z*lie? Does your guest, who may be eminent in his field, prefer you not to mention his career?

Someone has said that the prettiest sound in the world is "the sound of one's own name." If that is so, you can make beautiful music for a lot of people by introducing them properly.

Small Talk

IT WAS A cheery sunny day and my little girl was gazing intently at the sky.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked.

"Heaven," she said thoughtfully. "It must be a very beautiful place because even the wrong side of it is so pretty." —MRS. ANNA LANDRY

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Picture Story

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THE BIG CITY *by* THOMAS WOLFE

Even at that immeasurable moment of first perception, when for the first time a man sees the city with his naked eye, at that tremendous moment of final apprehension when the great city smites at last upon his living sense, still no man can be certain he has seen the city as it is, because in the hairbreadth of that instant recognition a whole new city is composed, made out of sense but shaped and colored and unalterable from all that he has felt, thought and dreamed about before.

from *The Web and the Rock*, copyright 1939, by Maxwell Perkins. As Excerpted published by Harper & Brothers, New York 16.

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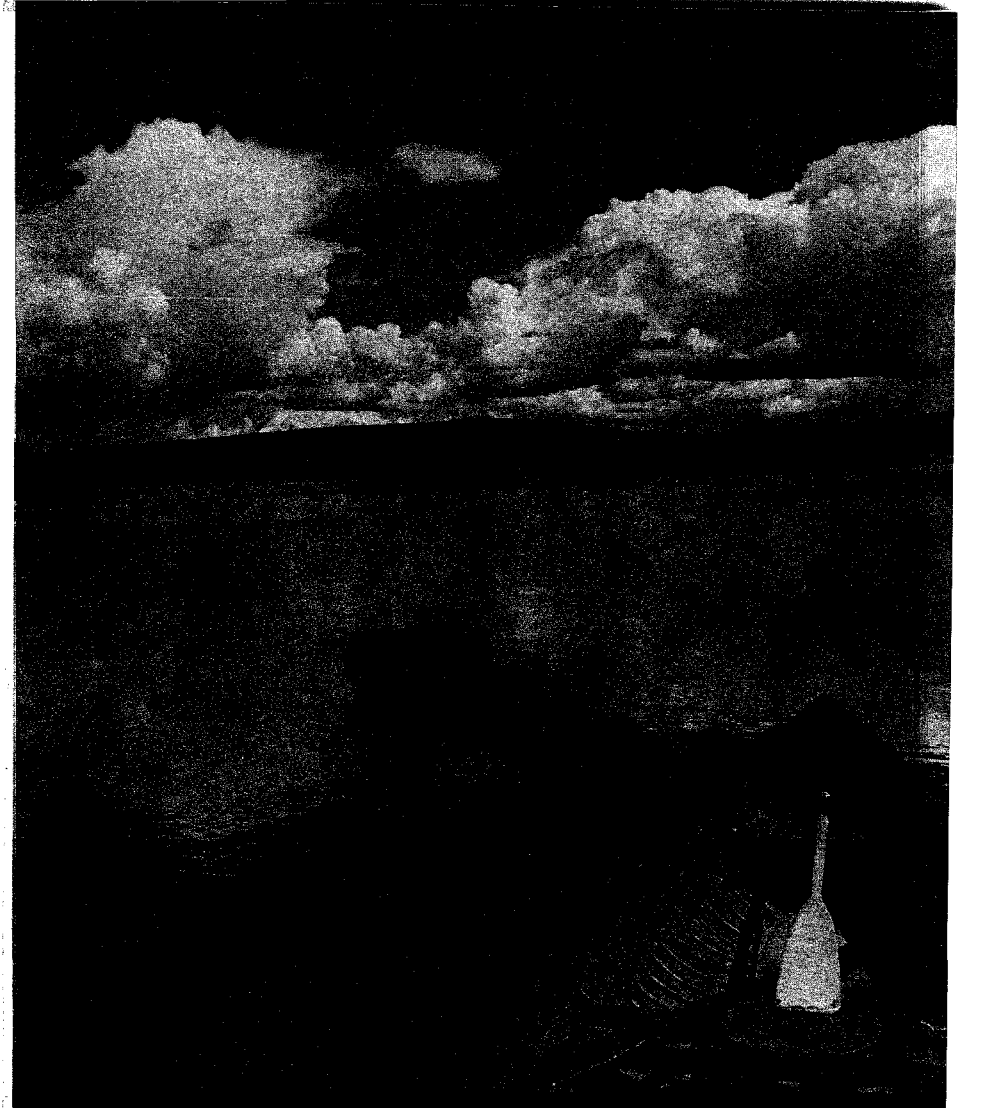

THE QUIET BAYS *by* JOHN STEINBECK

Nights at anchor in the Gulf are quiet and strange. The water is smooth, almost solid, and the dew is so heavy that the decks are soaked. The waves rasp on the beaches with a hissing sound, and all about in the darkness the fishes jump and splash. And there is no feeling, no smell, no vibration of people in the Gulf. Whatever it is that makes one aware that men are about is not there. Thus, in spite of the noises of waves and fishes, one has a feeling of deadness and quietness.

from *The Log from the Sea of Cortez*, copyright 1941, by John Steinbeck and E. F. Ricketts. Published by Viking Press, Inc., New York 17.

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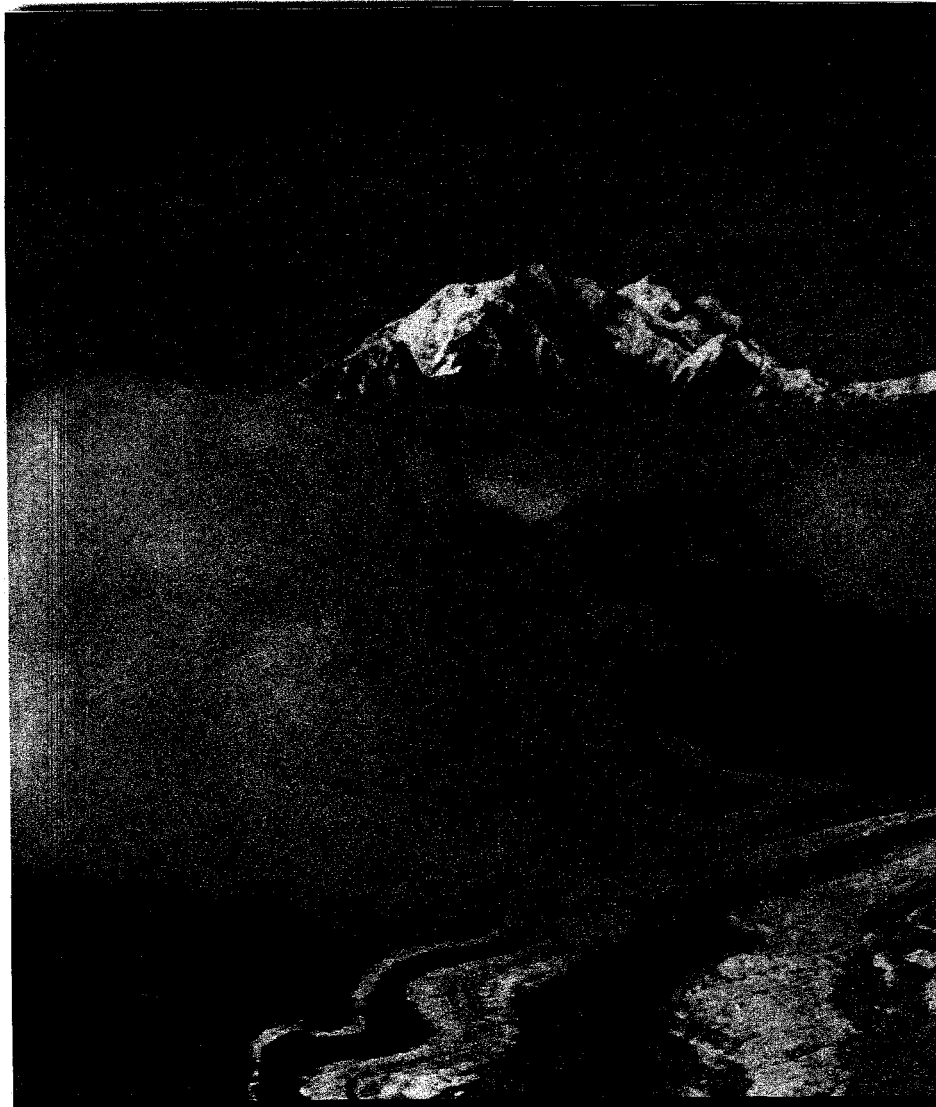

THE ETERNAL PEAKS

Mount McKinley is the highest mountain in North America—20,300 feet. We were in sight of it for nearly two hours, and I couldn't take my eyes off it. It looked about ten miles away, but it was 40 miles. It was covered with snow, and we could see the snow swirling up there. It was so unspeakably immense, and I looked at it so long in the falling

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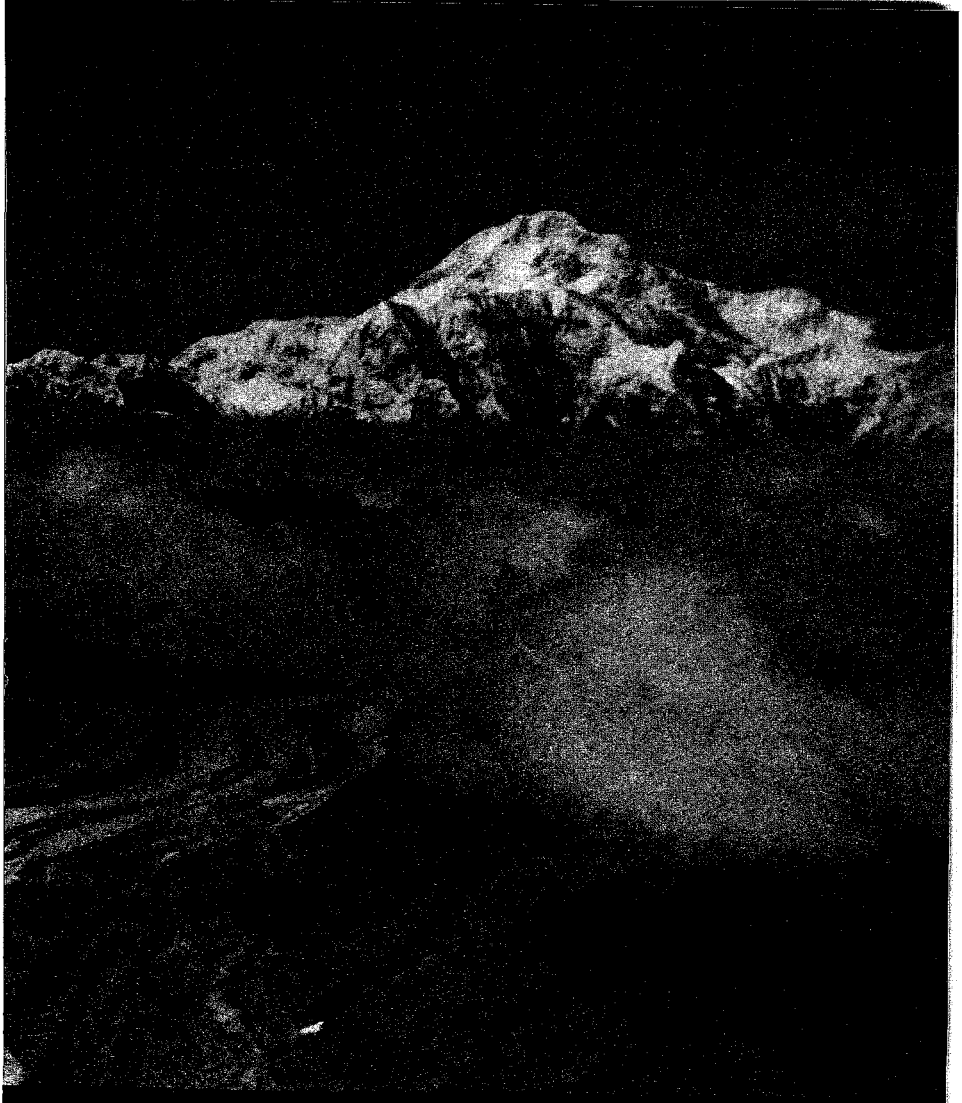

by ERNIE PYLE

dusk, that I got frightened. I felt very far away from everything, as though I were up among the lamaseries of "Lost Horizon." The daylight was gray. But it was a strange light—full of lonesomeness, frost and midnight eeriness.

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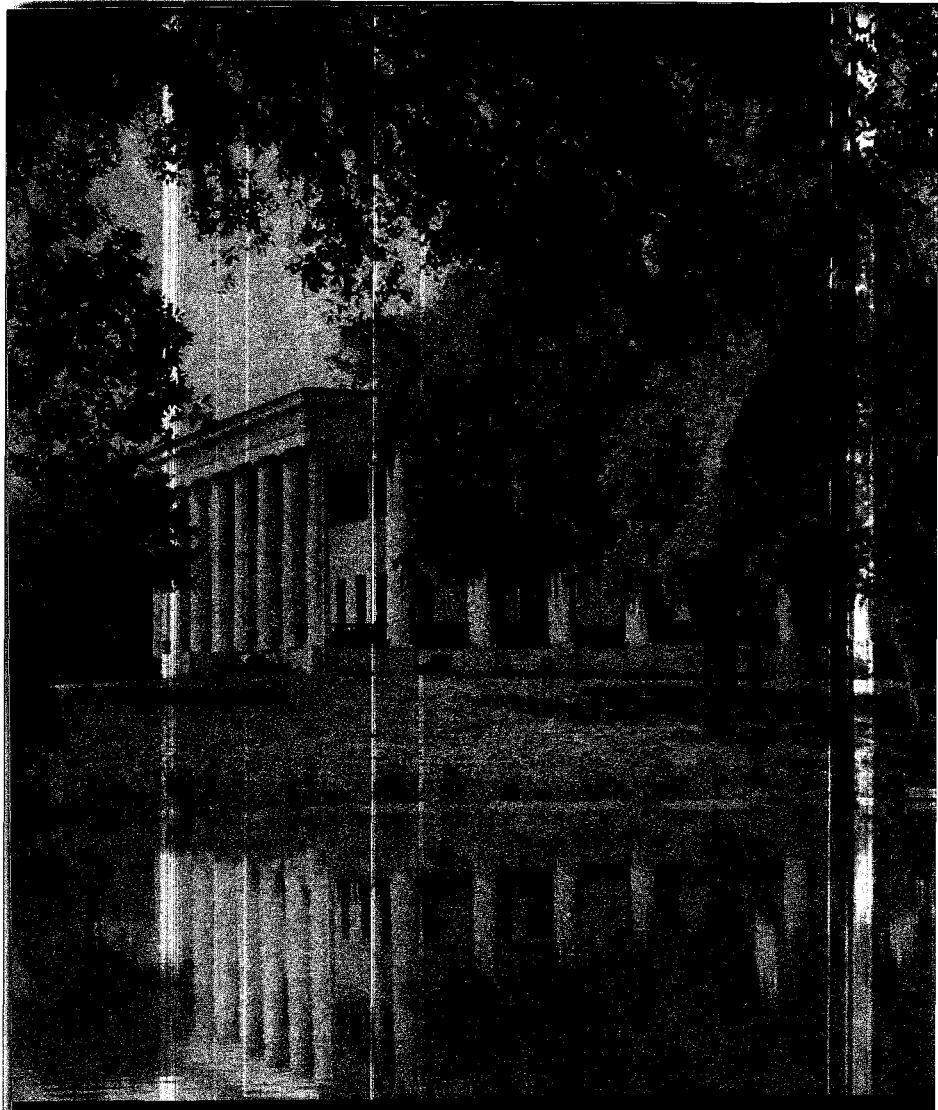

THE ROMANTIC PAST *by* HENRY BELLAMANN

The vast house stood high on a rose-brick foundation. The whole structure seemed to float like a mirage. Over it all was an air of grace and lightness which in no way lessened the impact of its certain pride. There was no sign of life anywhere—the mournful banners of moss, the warm sweet air, the stillness—none of it was real. It was like a spell, enchanting the senses.

from *Victoria Grandolet*, copyright 1943, by Henry Bellamann; published by Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York 20.

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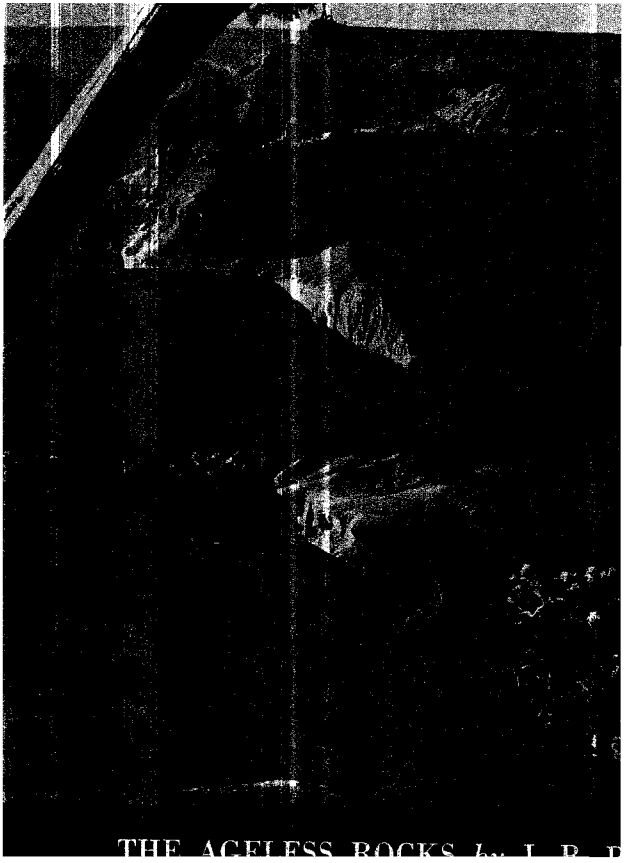

THE AGELESS ROCKS by J. B. P.

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When Communism Failed in Iowa

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

The amazing Amana Society is proof that free enterprise can out-produce any other system

ON A RAW WINTER MORNING 20 years ago, a group of stern-faced Iowa farmers and their wives gathered outside a weather-beaten meeting house. One by one, they walked silently up the stone steps and filed down separate sides of a large, bare room. Each wrote a single word on a slip of paper and dropped it into a ballot box. Then, just as silently, they walked out.

It was a moment of crisis. For the first time since the Inspirationist, Christian Metz, had led the Amanas into the rich, rolling Iowa plains 77 years before, his brethren were face to face with individual poverty and community bankruptcy. Now, a secret vote was to establish, once and for all, whether this deeply religious sect, which had long lived by the principle of share and share alike, would continue to flounder in the morass of communism—a doctrine the Amanas had embraced long before Karl Marx wrote *Das Kapital*—or whether they would strike out as free men and women to regain by capitalism what they had lost by collectivism.

For almost a year the debate had raged among the 1,400 inhabitants of the seven sheltered villages on the banks of the Iowa River. The inveighings of long-dead elders had been re-evoked; every argument, pro and con, had been advanced.

Communism has led us near to disaster, said the proponents of change. Our fields are barren; our factories are closed.

But we will lose the piety of our fathers if we abandon it, said some. We will lose everything if we don't, was the reply.

Why must we yield to the outside world? asked the visionaries. Because the radio and the car and

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telephone have made us part of that world, answered the realists.

And so the arguments raged. Now—February 1, 1932—the final word lay in the ballot box. By mid-afternoon the news had swept across Iowa: by a nine-to-one margin, the Amanas had voted to abandon communism and incorporate all their holdings in a wage-and-profit economy!

What happened in the years that followed is one of the most convincing refutations of the communist doctrine that has ever been lived out by a community of people anywhere in the world.

The inspiring story of the Amanas' quest for religious freedom and security goes back two centuries to the German Province of Hesse. It was there that the pietists, Eberhard Gruber and Johann Rock, at odds with the orthodox Christianity of their countrymen, organized a small sect of those who believed, as they did, that God revealed His wishes through a *Werkzeug*—an inspired prophet.

Neither Rock nor Gruber had ever heard of communism; but as their little groups banded together against the outside world, they learned to protect each other and share their belongings.

The communities of True Inspiration grew. But outside opposition mounted, and the leaders at last decided to seek freedom in the New World. And so, in 1842, four Inspirationists, led by Christian Metz, bought a 5,000-acre tract outside Buffalo, New York, from the Seneca Indians. There, three villages were laid out, and there 800 of the faithful moved their belongings and their hopes. Later, three more villages were added.

All property was to be shared by all alike; each person would do the work for which he was best fitted; and no matter how much or how little a man labored, his reward would be the same as his neighbor's.

For a time, all went well. But even as the Society grew, Buffalo grew, too. Its clamor and tumult penetrated the tranquility sought by the brethren. Land became more expensive. Worldly temptations were more and more upon them.

Metz and the Council of Elders decided that once again the time had come to move on, so they turned westward. On a balmy day in 1854, Metz came to a rise near the Iowa River and cast eyes on the long fertile valley that was to become the home of his people.

Next year, the first settlement was laid out midway between Iowa City and Cedar Rapids. It was called Amana—"Faithfulness"—and in 1859, the Amana Society was established as a religious and benevolent group "not operated for personal profit."

Into the fields went the men, turning the rich earth for planting. Once again, the woolen mills droned in the peaceful afternoons. Under the new constitution, each member was given a house for his family, clothing, medical care and an allowance at the village store. Everything else was turned over to a common warehouse. For three-quarters of a century, the Community of True Inspiration was to practice a purer and more intense

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kind of communism than would be witnessed anywhere in the world —not excepting Soviet Russia.

The world, however, could not be shut out. Cedar Rapids housewives heard about the excellence of Amana blankets. Iowa City students hitch-hiked 20 miles for a meal of Amana ham and *Schwartenmagen* cheese. A concrete highway was laid through the long valley and visitors brought the world closer and closer. In the youngsters, they stirred a long-dormant desire for the luxuries of the "outside."

The automobile became a battering ram against the insular ways of the elders. Working in the fields, young men would look up with undisguised longing as a sleek car flashed past on U.S. 6. There were rumors that more than one family owned a radio. Mail-order catalogues were openly passed from hand to hand.

Shadows hovered over the ordered prosperity of the Community of True Inspiration. The brothers and sisters were becoming more and more concerned with benefits, less and less with the common labor needed to produce them. Soon, the Society had to import laborers from Cedar Rapids to do the "heavier" work. Production began to fall off and acres of fertile soil were left to lie fallow. Soon after World War I, the Society for the first time showed a deficit.

But there were other disturbing influences. Under the communistic organization, education stopped at the eighth grade. A few talented youngsters, however, were sent "outside" to study medicine or dentistry. By the 1920's, these youngsters were openly expressing reluctance to come back to a life which offered no opportunity.

One, offered a position in a Des Moines hospital, wrote to the Council: "I shall not return to Amana. A life of sharing is good and right, but there must be limits. Under our system, individual progress is, and will be, impossible."

WHEN THE GREAT DEPRESSION hit, something had to give. Farm prices tumbled. The Amana deficit soared. By 1931, on the verge of catastrophe, the desperate members appointed a committee of 47 to solve the basic problems. At last, the committee offered its proposal: "We can either go back to the old ways of stringent self-denial, or we can abandon economic communism and incorporate as a free-trading, free-living capitalist society."

It was a painful decision. But change was inevitable. Without change, the Amanas—homes, villages, institutions and religion—would have crumbled in the dust of poverty. And so, in 1932, the people voted approval of the committee's findings.

On the evening of May 31, members took their last meal in community mess halls. Next day, the men went out to work for a regular wage—ten cents an hour with a promise of periodic increases—and the women began wondering what to cook for dinner. In addition to salary, each man was given one share of stock in the reorganized Amana Society, plus other shares based on years of service.

In their newfound pride of ownership, members began painting their drab houses. In 1935, a new high school was dedicated. By 1937,

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nearly every home had been electrified. Grocers, cobblers and tailors, urged to buy their shops and become independent businessmen, promptly began to show a profit.

Today, the 1,064 Amana members operate 50 assorted businesses which, with their 19,500 cultivated acres, have made them stockholders in a $4,000,000 corporation! Their Class A shares, worth $50 in 1932, now bring $3,135 each—and the Society's spiritual values are stronger than ever.

The Amana Church Society, though now separated from temporal affairs of the community, is still a dominant influence. In all seven villages, there are no jails, courthouses or disciplinary officers. There is simply no need for them.

In 1952, the Society charter came up for renewal. Were the people satisfied with their way of life during the past two decades? In the old brown meeting house, they voted 633 to 0 for renewal!

Drive north of Iowa City along U. S. 6 and you begin to see the reason for their enthusiasm. Sleek herds of cattle graze in rolling pastureland. Waving acres of grain cover the landscape. Neatly painted houses, each with vegetable garden, stand firm and solid. A pretty girl in gay shorts hangs out the wash.

Finally, talk with the gaunt and kindly man who has been president of the Amana Society since the reincorporation in 1932:

"I am just a country doctor," says Dr. William Moershel, whose dignified old brick house, filled with hand-carved furniture and rare books, tells more about him than the unstinted tributes of his people.

"Yes," he says softly, "we have made money. But that is not the important thing about the change-over. Toward the last in the old days, we were losing our self-reliance. The bad times had upset us so much that we were forgetting the faith that started all this.

"Something is wrong when men forget a faith that goes back seven generations. That's why the change was so important—what the older men taught us to believe, we believed again. Religion is the soul of this venture and, as free men, we have found out that it works."

You stand in the door and watch Dr. Moershel's grandchildren playing on the front lawn. You look at stately elms, planted nearly 100 years before, now tall and broad against the sky. And you know with certainty that Dr. Moershel is right: "It works, my friend."

Why Editors Leave Town

FROM A news story in a North Carolina paper: "A census bureau report revealed today that pretty, young Southern girls tend to marry at an early urge."

NEWS ITEM in a Minnesota paper: "There will be free ice cream, free pop, free pancakes, a kiddies' talent show, and a king and queen will be drowned to climax the gala event." —NEAL O'HARA *(McNaught Syndicate Inc.)*

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It's All in the Digits

Jack—Of All Trades—Bailey, the genial Santa Claus of radio's *Queen for a Day* (Mutual), was once a tax expert. This experience taught him the elusive quality of numbers, and they have fascinated him ever since. These 18 questions are his dare to you: how much do you know about numbers? At five points for each correct answer, if you get 65 or more, you know plenty about them. Answers on page 124.

1. If you had to fill a pint with a tablespoon, how many tablespoonsful would you need: a) 18, b) 26, c) 32?
2. When confined to bed with the flu, have you ever felt that each single bone and each single muscle in your body ached? Well, how many bones would hurt you: a) 206, b) 126, c) 87?
3. And how many muscles: a) 139, b) 239, c) 707?
4. Surely you've often heard the report of someone just back from an ocean trip: "The waves during a storm were mountain-high." How high have they been in all likelihood: a) 15 feet, b) 25 feet, c) 500 feet?
5. Naturally you once learned how much the distance from the earth to the sun is, but you've probably forgotten it. Do you think it is closest to: a) 930,000,000 miles, b) 93,000,000 miles, c) 9,300,000 miles?
6. If you get for a certain amount of money 6% compounded yearly, it would take to double the amount: a) 6 years, b) 12 years, c) 51 years?
7. What is the salary of the President of the United States: a) $100,000, b) $250,000, c) $1,000,000?
8. Lou Gehrig of the New York Yankees played for his club 14 years, and holds the record of the most consecutive games played. Is this record closest to: a) 500 games, b) 2,000 games, c) 3,500 games?
9. Whether or not you are a pianist, doubtless you've seen a piano once in your life. How many keys are there on a standard piano: a) 76, b) 48, c) 88?
10. If you could fold a sheet of paper, 1/32 of an inch thick, 50 times, how thick would it be after the 50th fold: a) less than a yard, b) 100 feet, c) more than 1,000,000,000 miles?
11. If all mankind (an estimated 2,367,737,000 people) were to drown in Lake Champlain (600 sq. mi.), the surface of the lake would rise: a) less than 5 inches, b) 5 feet, c) 50 feet?
12. The young of a 6-foot kangaroo is at birth: a) 1½ feet, b) 8 inches, c) under 3 inches?
13. During 1951 the motion-picture industry of America used: a) 3,000,000 feet of film, b) 60,000,000 feet of film, c) 2,000,000,000 feet of film?
14. In your neck are 7 vertebrae. In the neck of a giraffe are: a) 7 vertebrae, b) 14 vertebrae, c) 23 vertebrae?
15. The numeral 1, and the word one, appear on a one-dollar bill (answer first, then take out your wallet): a) 4 times, b) 25 times, c) 50 times?
16. The diameter of the earth at the Equator is 7,927 miles. The diameter through the Poles is: a) 7,927 miles, b) 7,900 miles, c) 8,232 miles?
17. Did you ever walk along Broadway, N. Y. within city limits? If you did, you had to walk: a) 8 miles, b) 16 miles, c) 31 miles?
18. During a lifetime of 70 years, the heart beats: a) over 6 million times, b) over 2½ billion times, c) over 6 billion times?

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A New School Plan for Every Town

by PHYLLIS YATES

"Pay As You Grow" is the secret to modern buildings at reasonable cost

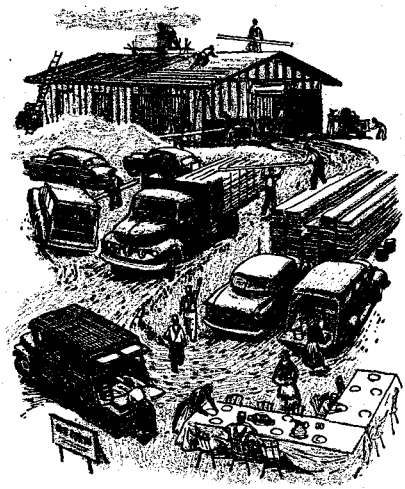
A DREAM came true recently in a small New England town. Because of it, a great need was met. Out of it, a fading American landmark came alive again.

But there was something more to this dream than the people who gave it life could imagine; from the tiny New Hampshire village sprang an exciting idea which can inspire small towns everywhere in America. And it was the work of one man.

For many of the years he lived in New Boston, Charles E. French fought a problem. Each day, he watched his son and daughter trudge off to overcrowded classrooms in the ancient, drafty, dilapidated schoolhouse. Other children attended classes in the Town Hall or an abandoned railroad station.

"The situation is impossible," French told his neighbors. The plumbing was bad, the heating inadequate, the lighting a threat to young eyes.

French was not alone in his convictions about the need for a new school. The folks in town and families from surrounding farms fully agreed with him. Yet there was one big obstacle which blocked French



every time he broached the subject at town meetings: money.

In 1930, when French moved to New Boston, the simplest multiple-unit school cost $30,000. By 1950, it cost $70,000. New Boston's sparse population of 850 refused to absorb the taxation such a construction would impose.

"But we must do something!" demanded French, by then executive secretary of the Merrimack Valley Region Association.

He had said that in 1930; he said it year after year for 20 years. His two children grew up and graduated from grammar school but this did not dim French's de-

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termination. There were other children—the children of his friends.

"There are 222 students in the school now," French told the 1950 town meeting. "And we'll soon have another 100 children ready to start. We can't subject them to the same misery!"

"We can't, but we must," was the townspeople's reaction. "Until prices come down, there is nothing else we can do."

That night, French drove home with Donald Byam, another member of the School Study Committee and father of four young children.

"Charlie, we're stumped," said Byam. "We've argued this subject for years and everything seems out of reach."

"It mustn't be," said French. "We've got to have a new school, Don, even if we build it ourselves!"

"That seems the only answer."

"And I'd be willing to do it, Don," said French. "Anything would be better than what we have now: a cabin, a motel—"

Suddenly French sat up. "That's it, Don!" he exclaimed. "That's the answer—construct several small buildings, with separate classes in each unit."

"But that can cost as much as one big building," said Byam.

"In time, yes," French agreed, "but we can build these as we need them, and pay for them as we grow. Maybe one a year. Gradually, we can move the kids out of the old building and one day we'll have a cluster of excellent one-room schoolhouses, modern, well-equipped and safe.

"Here's the big thing," French went on. "To construct a large building, we'd have to call in outside contractors and labor. But we can build one-room schoolhouses ourselves—you and I and all the men around here, just like we get together to build a barn for a farmer who needs one."

"A school-raising bee?"

"Right! That'll make the school a real community project, which is what it should be."

IT WAS, as French said, a big thing. It was so big, so new, so revolutionary, that even French was cautious. Before discussing it with other neighbors, he talked to architects.

"Yes," they told him, "a single-unit, one-floor school could be constructed for perhaps ten or twelve thousand dollars."

Next he went to bankers. They were surprised.

"Only $12,000 per building? That's far different from the $70,000 you talked about last year. And you'll construct these schoolhouses as you need them and can afford them? We'll go along on that."

Then French talked to his employers—members of the Merrimack Valley Region Association, a group of men dedicated to the progress of the community. They endorsed the plan with enthusiasm.

Months passed. Shortly before the 1951 town meeting, French sent invitations to every New Boston parent. The room was packed. The town meeting was apprehensive, thinking, "Here's Charlie French with another school plan we could not pay for in a million years."

This time they were wrong. French told his neighbors about his "Pay As You Grow" plan. He had the facts, the figures, the sketches, and they could not be challenged;

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as a result, the town meeting voted to build the first schoolhouse.

French's plan called for a one-story classroom, 35 by 22 feet, with facilities for 30 students and a teacher. Each unit would have its own heating plant and service equipment. Erected on concrete slabs, the units would be about 50 feet apart, giving the appearance of a residential housing development, while providing ample play areas for each class.

The town went to work. One of the most vigorous volunteers was French, who spent hours each day at odd jobs that helped the building to completion. The project became, as he had hoped, a community campaign. Because of the vital town spirit, the school was finished very rapidly. A local contractor built the school on a low-cost basis, while volunteers wired and painted.

It was on November 6, 1951, that the New Boston dream came true. As the children marched into the first "Pay As You Grow" schoolhouse, a tremendous step forward was being made in rural education. Simultaneously, an old American landmark—the little red schoolhouse—was reborn, but with an ingenious ultra-modern touch.

Across the country were many communities that faced the New Boston problem: over 50,000 outmoded one-teacher schoolhouses were still in use in rural areas where small populations could not underwrite big buildings. Millions of parents were asking: "What can we do?" Their answer came from a father who once asked himself the same question.

Queries flooded New Boston. School boards everywhere wanted blueprints of French's plan and his buildings. Soon French's idea was the talk of parents and teachers everywhere. Today it is more than talk, in scores of rural areas, the idea is under study.

A second cottage-type schoolhouse now stands in New Boston. The antiquated town-hall schoolhouse is now little more than a memory. Most grateful for this evolution have been the children.

Studying now in modern buildings that are safe and sanitary, they are receiving the better education that will make them better citizens. Evidence that they are aware of their new benefits was contained in a letter of gratitude the children sent to French, itemizing the improvements the students appreciated.

Thousands of rural children elsewhere—and children yet to come—could well have signed that letter with the students of New Boston, for the fulfillment of Charles French's dream opened a new avenue of learning to the youngsters who will inherit the nation.

It's All in the Digits

(Answers to quiz on page 121)

1. c; 2. a; 3. c; 4. b; 5. b; 6. b (exactly 11.896 years); 7. a; 8. b (2,130 games); 9. c; 10. c; 11. a; 12. a; 13. c; 14. a; 15. b; 16. b; 17. b; 18. b.

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Collections Are in Order

WE OWE a great deal to our Government. The question is, how are we ever going to get the money to pay for it? —GROUCHO MARX

THE GOVERNMENT should be glad the taxpayers have what it takes.
—*Pathfinder*

A PSYCHIATRIST says cows are bitter and neurotic. Like a lot of taxpayers, they probably get tired of being milked. —RAYMOND DUNCAN

IF THE GOVERNMENT is interested in the relief of human suffering, it might take a look at the American taxpayer. —HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

WHEN I WAS in England, a pickpocket grabbed my wallet. I asked: "What's the idea?" He said: "I'm from the tax department and this saves a lot of paper work." —BOB HOPE

NOW I KNOW WHY they have to keep raising our taxes. The Government ain't been getting the money.
—HERB SHRINER

TIME WAS when it was only Washington's face that was on our money. Now it's Washington's hands on it as well. —*Armstrong Tire News*

IF PATRICK HENRY thought taxation without representation was so terrible, he should see it *with* representation. —*United Mine Workers Journal*

AN UMBRELLA is about the only thing these days that you can still put away for a rainy day. —*Philnews*

THE ONLY THING left to tax is the wolf at the door. —*Acme Steel News*

AS FOR MONEY, it's true you can't take it with you, but the way taxes are these days, you can't even afford to go. —RED SKELTON

I HEAR the Government spends 50 cents to collect $100 in taxes. Some of us have to collect $100 to keep 50 cents. —ARTHUR GODFREY (CBS)

WHEN THE TIME COMES for the meek to inherit the earth, taxes will be so high they won't even want it.
—EDDIE CANTOR

A CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE on new taxes was stumped. What else could they tax? A committee stenographer had a suggestion: a special levy on what's left after you pay your income tax! —JIM GUERRIER

THIS IS THE SEASON of the year when we discover that we owe most of our success to Uncle Sam!

IT HAS BEEN REPORTED that the Government is having a hard time locating many taxpayers entitled to refunds. Why not look in the poorhouse? That's where a lot of them probably are. —*Wall Street Journal*

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Budget Homes– for Only $7,500

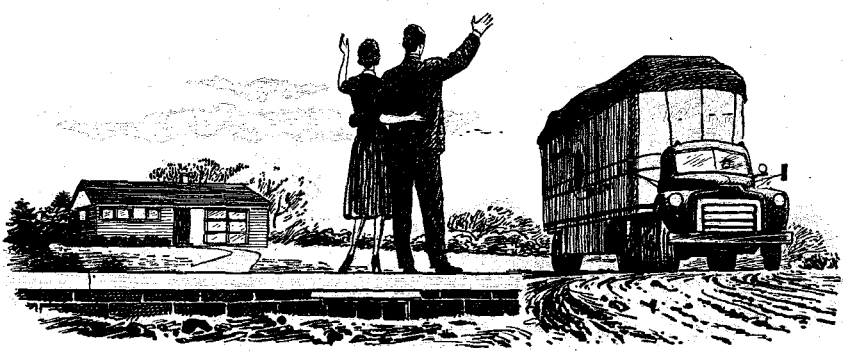
by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

How Jim Price proved that handsome prefabs could be bought by thousands of families

OF ALL THE GAUDY PROPHECIES of post-war wonders, none aroused higher popular hopes than the dream of making houses in factories. In a blare of publicity, government officials announced happily that here was the answer to America's nationwide housing problem.

The day was just around the corner, they said, when you could stop in at a dealer's showroom, order a house just like you would a car, get it delivered next morning, and eat dinner in it that night. Overnight, hundreds of companies sprang up to build the new miracle houses. Promoters swarmed over Washington with grandiose schemes for building them out of plastics, ceramics, steel and aluminum, as well as wood. The RFC got so excited about the whole business that it poured $37,500,000 of government money into the most publicized prefab venture, Lustron Homes.

Then gradually, the uncomfortable truth began to dawn. Somehow, all the talk and the government money simply wasn't producing houses. Lustron went under with a resounding crash, costing the luckless taxpayer many millions that had been poured into the scheme. Other companies folded up more silently, but just as finally. In the midst of all the hullabaloo, however, a few smaller prefab makers were continuing to turn out houses. Most remarkable of all was a vigor-



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ous young man in Indiana, who was proving to the world that prefabricated housing was no crazy dream after all. For he had found a way to build houses in the factory, truck them to their site, and put them up at a price that flabbergasted even the most optimistic enthusiasts. And, moreover, he did it without wasting one cent of the taxpayers' money.

Any American, whether he ever lives in a prefabricated home or not, can take heart at this homespun success story. For Jim Price of Indiana has done more than revive the fading dream of low-cost homes. His dazzling success dramatically proves that courage, initiative and determination still mean something in America.

IN THE EARLY YEARS of the Depression, Price, son of a country doctor, had to quit college. He considered himself lucky to get a bank clerk's job at a salary that eventually jumped to $75 a month. While he was holding down that job, he studied the business of making farm loans, and when he felt he knew enough about it, he made the rounds of big Indianapolis insurance companies to apply for a position as farm-loan specialist. But all he got was a brushoff.

Jim Price might have been stopped by his failure, but he wasn't. "If I can't make farm loans, I'll sell city houses," he told his wife one night after another day of discouraging refusals.

She approved the idea, so he went to work as a salesman. Within a single month he sold no less than 47 houses. Then, just as young Price was rejoicing at this discovery of his remarkable selling ability, he got a jolt. In that hectic month he had sold himself right out of houses!

Pondering the problem, Jim Price came to the conclusion that the methods by which houses were being constructed were wrong. Wasn't there some way that houses could be built as fast as he could sell them? With his brother George, he set himself up in business as a dealer for a prefab company that was turning out limited numbers of rather high-priced houses.

For a year, while Price shattered sales records, he studied every aspect of housebuilding. The prefabs he was selling were fine, but they were too costly.

"I could build a good house cheaper than that," he told his brother. "Let's start a company and make them ourselves."

"With what?" George understandably wondered. Jim just grinned at him and rushed out to buttonhole various well-heeled townspeople.

Stunned by Price's enthusiasm and his numbing array of facts and figures, they invested in the new firm, National Homes Corporation. Within a few days Price had raised $12,500. It wasn't much, but the Belt Railroad sold him a factory site for $1, and by doing some of the work themselves, the brothers soon had a long, shedlike structure. In a matter of weeks, the first panels were being put together by a small crew of workmen, and the first National home emerged from the "assembly line."

Within a year, Price had rounded up 20 venturesome businessmen who were willing to try out the novel idea of selling houses that could be

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delivered on a truck. With orders coming in from these pioneering dealers, production climbed to two houses a week, a figure that astounded others at the time, but only made Jim Price vow that some day he would turn them out ten times that fast.

He got his chance far sooner than even he expected. War clouds were gathering, and all over the country, defense factories were hurriedly being built. Harassed government officials suddenly discovered that they needed housing for workers—a lot of housing, and fast. There were many firms which wanted to build them, including several that proposed doing the job by prefabrication. National Homes won some hotly contested contracts by demonstrating the efficiency and quality of their work.

Before the war was over, Jim and George had produced and erected no less than 7,500 homes—a figure that put them in a class with some of America's biggest and oldest construction outfits.

The war boom, however, was not all easy success. One evening in February, 1944, Jim Price went to bed thinking pleasantly of the big new contract he had just negotiated with the government. During the night he was awakened to hear grim news. His factory was going up in roaring flames.

In the morning, Jim and his brother looked over the charred ruins of the plant. At this bleak point, Price learned that he had made good friends. In Memphis, the E. L. Bruce Company, a big lumber concern, heard of his predicament. Price had been a good customer. If they bought up all the material he had lying around, even bought the government contract, wouldn't he have enough money to put up a new plant? In six months, thanks to top government priority, a giant new plant was ready to go.

Yet hardly had the new factory started rolling than the war ended. Government orders stopped and what seemed like an asset might have turned into a hungry white elephant, losing money at the staggering rate of $100,000 a month. The situation could easily have wrecked the company, but Jim Price was ready.

He had big plans for a line of houses costing from $7,000 to $10,000. Jim Price didn't feel quite easy about those prices—most of his houses were nearer the top figure—but he managed to sell about 1,500 homes a year.

Then in 1948, he took up the challenge that marked a real turning point in the story of what may eventually become America's biggest industry—prefabricated housing. At a meeting of housing officials in Washington, FHA Administrator Raymond Foley made the statement: "What this country needs is a good $6,000 house."

"That's a laugh," one building authority promptly remarked. "No one can possibly build a *good* $6,000 house."

"I think I could build one," Jim Price said thoughtfully. By the time Price was back at his plant, he was ready to call in his architects and engineers. A few weeks later, a big red National trailer truck pulled up at a weed-grown lot in Lafayette. When the news broke in local papers that here was a two-bedroom

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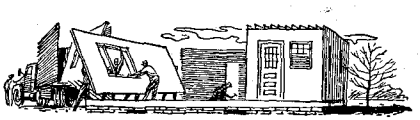
house that could be bought complete for $5,700 with lot (Jim Price had been able to beat even his $6,000 goal), enthusiastic crowds flocked to the scene.

The first day, 3,000 people filed through and 300 of them placed orders. Soon afterward, the same story was repeated in Thrift Homes erected in other cities. Today, although the lowest price on a National home is about $7,500, Jim Price thinks it represents an even bigger bargain, because the company has made many improvements over the first Thrift Home. Overnight, National had pushed its way up to become the biggest prefab company in the U. S. Last year, Jim Price was able to announce that he was making more than 12,000 units a year in the Lafayette plant and the big new one he had leased in Horseheads, New York.

The phenomenal growth of his enterprise hasn't gone to Jim Price's head. Ask him why National succeeded where others failed and he will modestly omit mentioning his own role. "We licked the problems that had to be licked," he explains matter-of-factly.

National saw early in the day that one of the problems was combatting the popular conception of prefab houses as boxlike structures, each just like the other. They have licked that one handily by offering a wide variety of styles. Exteriors run the gamut of popular designs, including models with ranch, Georgian, Colonial and French Provincial influences. Differences extend inside to varied floor plans.



The smallest National Home, a two-bedroom model, for instance, is offered in five exterior designs and three floor plans. The three-bedroom model comes in 12 exteriors and ten floor plans. Three larger homes are available in four different exteriors. Further individuality is achieved by the use of different siding materials and choice in the placement of fireplaces, breezeways, porches and garages.

If there is any single gilt-edged secret to National's success, it is the roots it has sunk into every community where its homes are sold. "We're not really one big business," Price explains. "We're just a lot of little businesses." He is talking about the 500 National dealers.

Just a few years ago, Price was out beating the bushes for dealers. Today, the Company has thousands of letters from applicants—not only from all over the U. S., but from spots as far off as Indonesia. What a dealer doesn't know about building when he starts, he soon gets to know, because one of National's 21 field experts sits in his office until he has learned the ropes. After that, the expert is available on 24-hour call. Before he is appointed, each prospective dealer is whisked off to visit either the Lafayette or Horseheads plant.

National gets its dealers to hold down profits to not more than ten per cent, but volume runs the earnings into big money. The biggest dealer, Ralph Shirmeyer of Fort Wayne, Indiana, has sold more than 1,700 National homes.

The fact that National homes are built at eye-rubbing speed is the

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source of one popular misconception about prefab houses. Many people jump to the conclusion that they are flimsier than conventionally built homes. This remark makes Jim Price acutely unhappy.

National's files yield plenty of evidence that, surprisingly, their homes exceed the "performance codes" which are accepted requirements of durability in the building field. There's the National home that stood up through the Bakersfield, California, earthquake in 1952, when many of its neighbors were badly damaged. There's the National home that survived the Missouri flood. "The walls weren't even warped," the owner reported.

The idea that prefab houses look different from more conventional homes is another one that Jim Price wishes he could settle as simply as he did with a couple of skeptical contractors who visited him. When they argued that prefabs could never stand up to conventional houses for looks, Price said, "Let's go for a drive."

When they reached a new development, he told them: "Now, gentlemen, you tell me which houses are prefabs and which are not."

"That should be easy," one contractor said.

They drove around, passing hundreds of houses. "You're fooling me," the contractor said. "There isn't a prefab in the bunch."

Jim Price grinned. "Every one is a National, made in our factory!"

With nearly a half-billion dollars' worth of National homes already built, Price is sure that his company is just getting started. As for the whole prefab industry, it's doing fine, too, with at least a dozen flourishing companies, including National's nearest rival, Gunnison Homes, backed by U. S. Steel. But competition, however great, isn't worrying Price.

"There's room for everybody," he says. "We need millions of homes in this country, and the best way to build them at prices people can afford is to prefabricate them."

Anyone knowing the courage of the man who carried the ball when others thought the game was lost, is hardly likely to argue with Jim Price's optimism about the future of the struggling industry which he turned into a modern giant.

Help Wanted!

FROM AN OHIO personal column—
"Wanted: Middle-aged woman to take care of 71-year-old boy."

AD in a matrimonial weekly—
"Help wanted—male," signed simply: "Female." —HY GARDNER

FROM AN ILLINOIS NEWSPAPER classified section—
"For sale: One cow giving milk, clover hay, corn, 2 bushels turnips, 2 bushels lima beans, heating stove, some house doors, and windows." —*Successful Farming*

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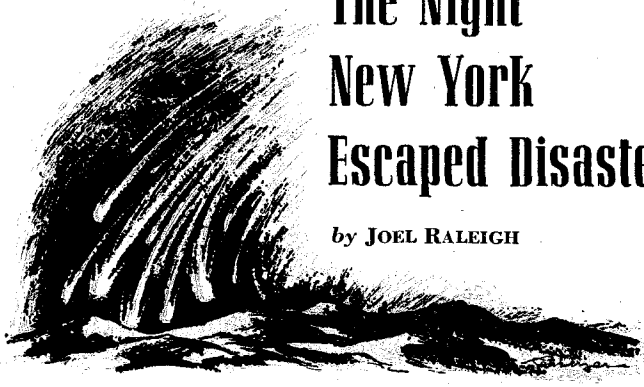

The Night New York Escaped Disaster

by JOEL RALEIGH

TO PILOTS FLYING WESTERLY at 7,000 feet, the thing resembled a colossal Roman candle as it broke into two sections, disintegrated, and spat fire across the vast heavens. To those on the ground, the invader from on high turned night into daylight, and its sound was that of mighty, rumbling freight trains.

Strangely, few of the Seattle residents, routed from their beds by the terrifying series of blasts in the small hours of last May 11th, identified the great concussions with an atomic assault. Yet an atomic assault would have borne less peril.

For the huge meteor which penetrated the lower atmosphere of the earth exploded at less than 8,000 feet. Had it come a little closer, said Prof. Fred L. Whipple, noted Harvard astronomer, it would have erased Seattle and its 500,000 inhabitants.

"A big enough meteor can cause more damage than several atom bombs," the professor added.

Yet on the night of February 9, 1913, not one, but from 200 to 400 fireballs, advancing in orderly procession, aimed almost directly at the heart of New York City.

On that date, slightly past 7 P.M., Mountain Time, the wintry night over Saskatchewan, Canada, was fairly clear. Out of the northwest sky, there suddenly appeared to startled observers at farms and villages a fiery, red body drawing nearer at ferocious speed, trailing a vast tail. In seconds the countryside was bathed in an eerie, crimson reflection.

A crumping sound was heard from afar, and this rapidly changed to a muttering and grumbling—then to a thunderous din which seemed to fill the earth and sky.

Meanwhile, the sky light fanned out and burst into a dazzling spread of yellows, merging into oranges, crimsons and furnacelike reds. The din was punctuated with spaced, hurtling sounds as though thousands of express trains were crashing by overhead on a trestle.

Then into view, traveling at a rate estimated at 18,000 to 36,000

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miles per hour, there came a steady parade of fireballs, each with a huge, trailing slip stream that crimsoned the sky far to the Northwest. Remarkably, except for the first fireball which exploded, the others came on in almost perfect and majestic formation, as though fired by some giant cannon.

Meanwhile, the earth was turning. The fireballs, first noted in Saskatchewan, probably came out of the Canadian Rockies after crossing the Pacific at about the 60th Parallel. They were at the 54th Parallel when they soared over Canada and streaked southeasterly, plunging ever diagonally at New York City.

A few minutes later, just after 8 P.M., Central Standard Time, the awesome procession whizzed over Lake Superior. Incredibly, except for later reports in specialized scientific publications, the American and Canadian press made no mention of the celestial display.

At a speed of perhaps 10 miles a second, the juggernaut thundered over Lake Michigan and the northern regions of Michigan, still plunging in the direction of New York City. As the fireballs soared through the sky, the earth continued to turn in its orbit.

New York City at 9:15 P.M. had cloudy weather. The time zone has changed, so only five or ten minutes have elapsed since the Saskatchewan appearance. And because it was a Sunday night, the town shut up early. Thus, when the overhead colossus passed a few miles south of New York City, there were few to note one of the most staggering sky threats in history.

For it is conceivable that if the procession had made its way from the Far West an hour later, when the earth had turned eastward 15 degrees farther, and it had soared at exactly the same pathway, the phalanx would have struck some point midway between Philadelphia and New York, spreading fire and flame over the densely populated region.

When all reports were in, it was possible to make out a pattern of the procession's course. Captains of ships at sea said that the stream appeared to vanish into the depths off Bermuda. But wherever they fell, they barely missed creating the greatest catastrophe in the history of the human race.

Confirmed!

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER were in the kitchen washing dishes, while Father and seven-year-old Warren, as befitted the men of the household, were in the living room perusing the evening paper. Suddenly there sounded a crash of falling dishes. Father and Warren listened expectantly in the ensuing silence.

"It was Mother," Warren finally announced.

"How do you know?" Father inquired.

"Because," answered Warren firmly, "she isn't saying anything."

—PHILIP MUIR

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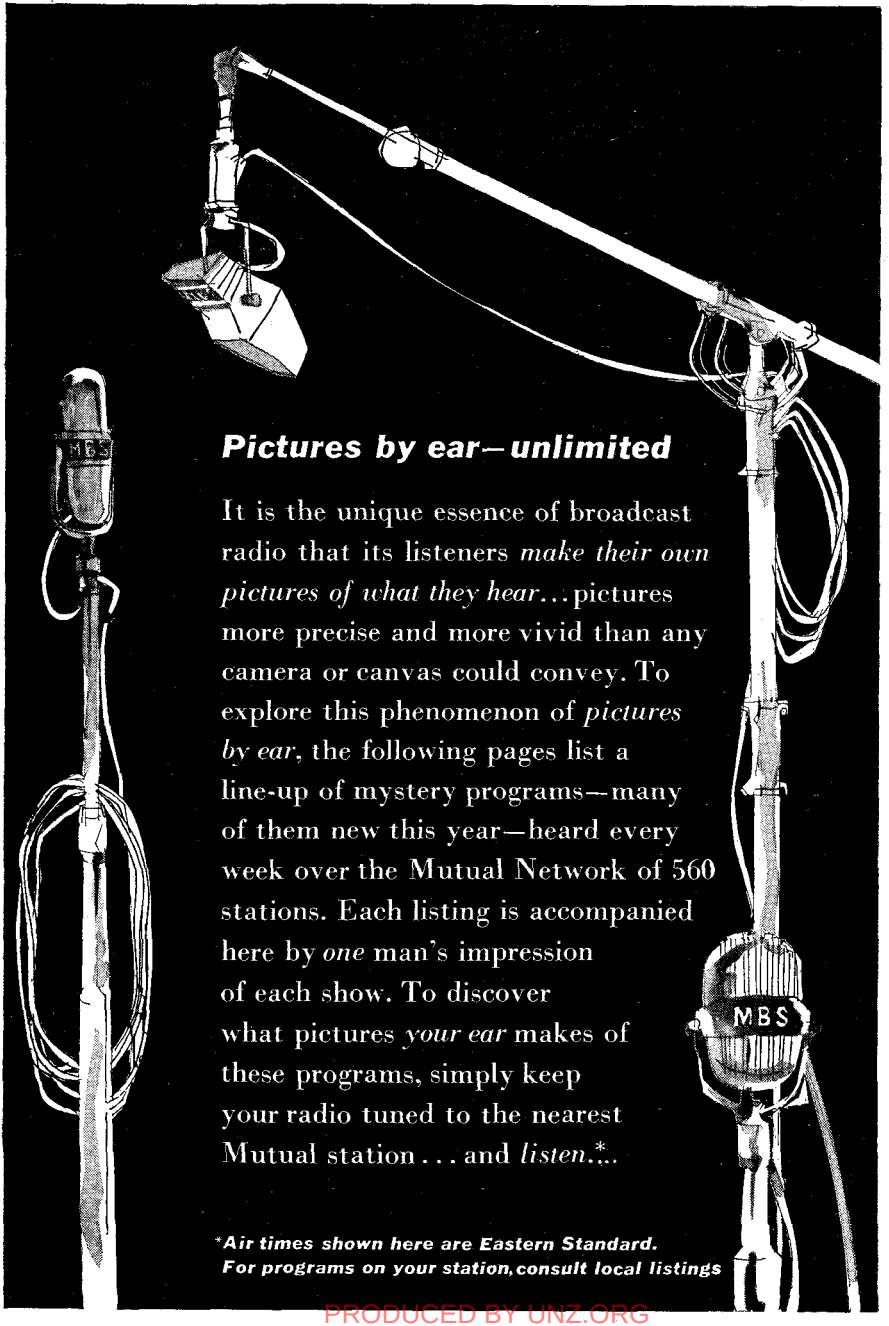

Pictures by ear—unlimited

It is the unique essence of broadcast radio that its listeners *make their own pictures of what they hear*... pictures more precise and more vivid than any camera or canvas could convey. To explore this phenomenon of *pictures by ear*, the following pages list a line-up of mystery programs—many of them new this year—heard every week over the Mutual Network of 560 stations. Each listing is accompanied here by *one* man's impression of each show. To discover what pictures *your ear* makes of these programs, simply keep your radio tuned to the nearest Mutual station... and *listen.**...

**Air times shown here are Eastern Standard. For programs on your station, consult local listings*

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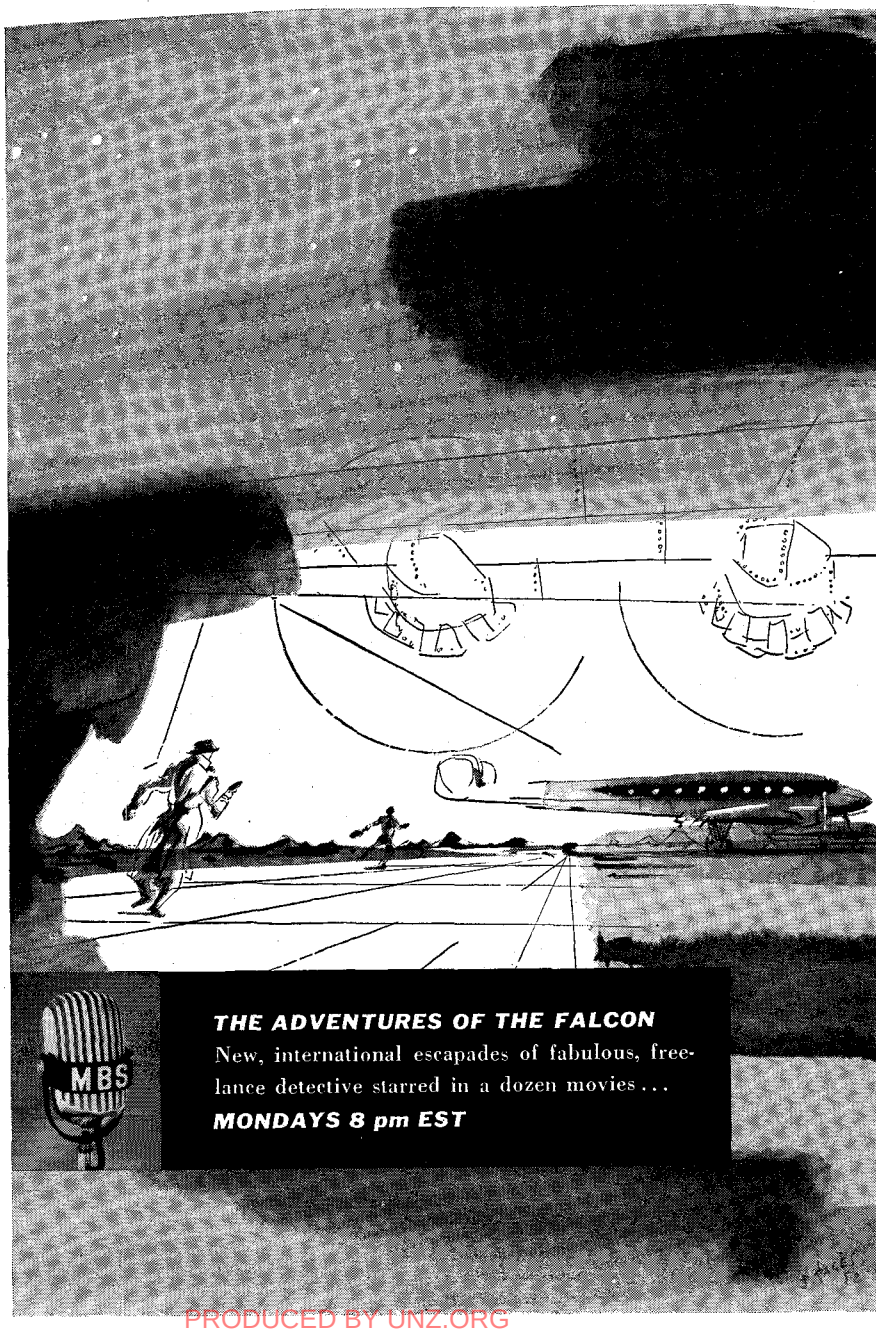
MBS
THE ADVENTURES OF THE FALCON
New, international escapades of fabulous, free-lance detective starred in a dozen movies . . .
MONDAYS 8 pm EST

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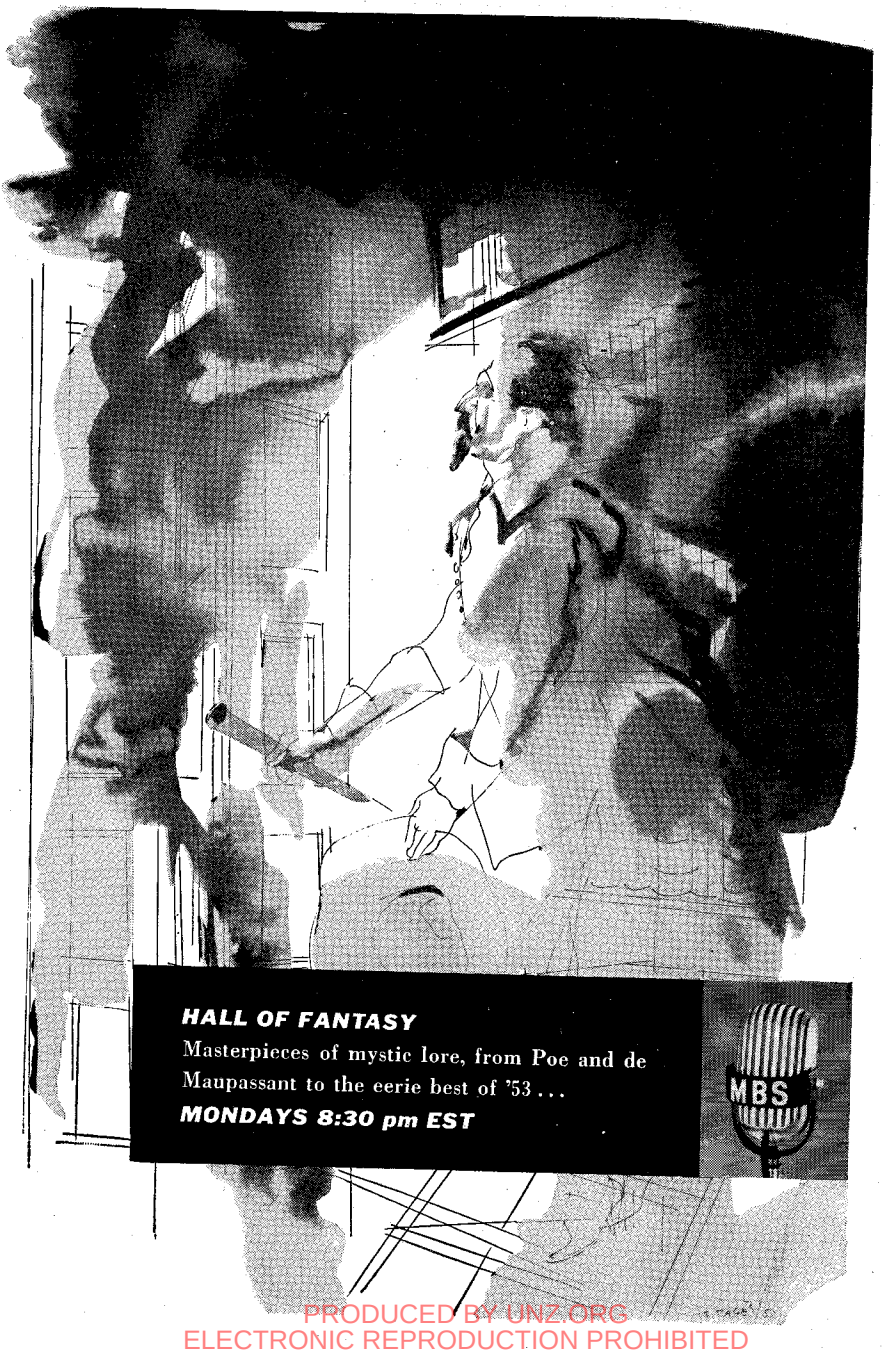

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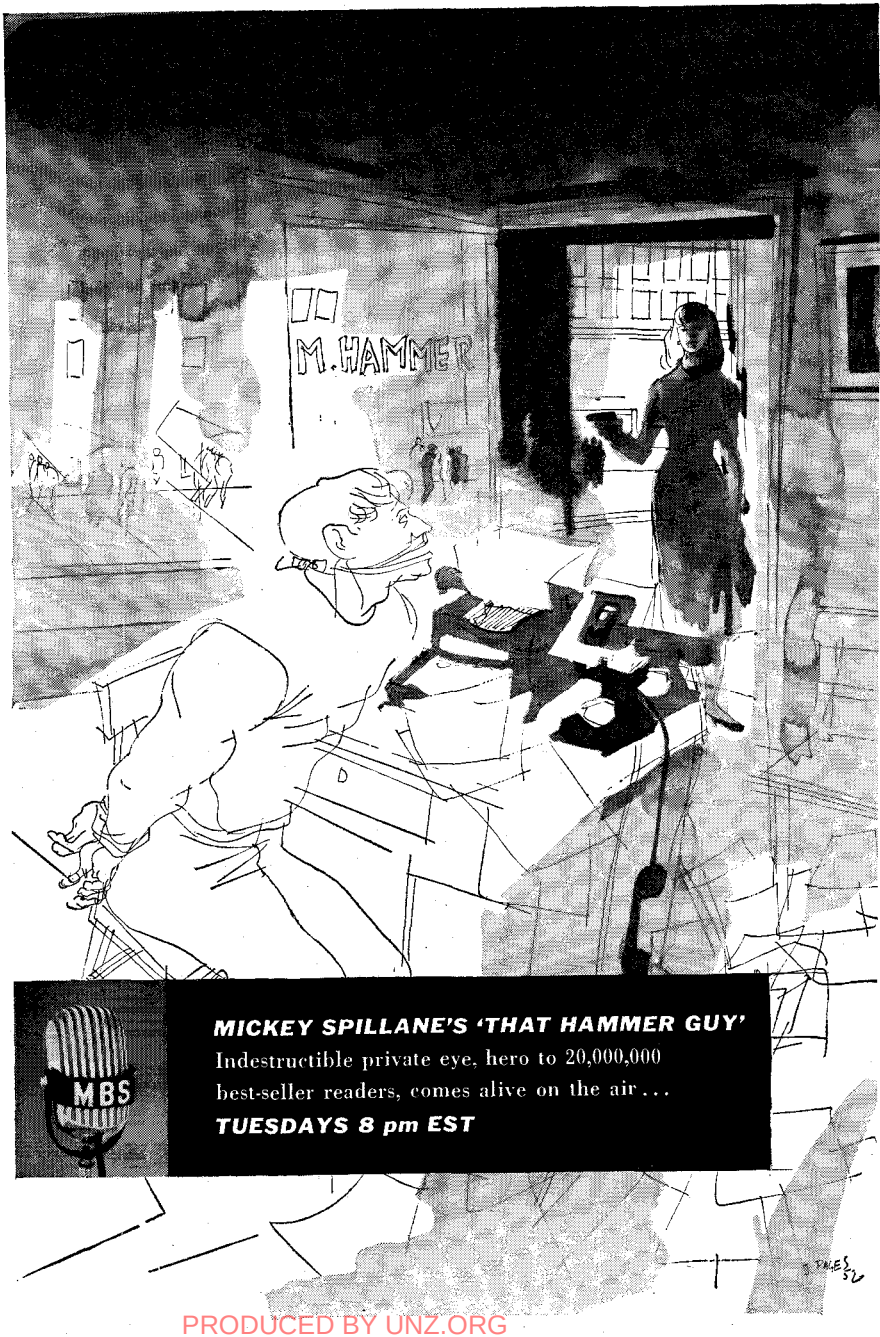
M. HAMMER
MBS
MICKEY SPILLANE'S 'THAT HAMMER GUY'
Indestructible private eye, hero to 20,000,000
best-seller readers, comes alive on the air...
TUESDAYS 8 pm EST

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HIGH ADVENTURE
Pulsing excitement speared straight from peak moments of crisis that change people's lives...
TUESDAYS 8:30 pm EST
MBS
J. PAGES

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MBS
CRIME FILES OF FLAMOND
Ace psychologist penetrates inner secrets and odd quirks of criminal minds to outwit evil . . .
WEDNESDAYS 8 pm EST

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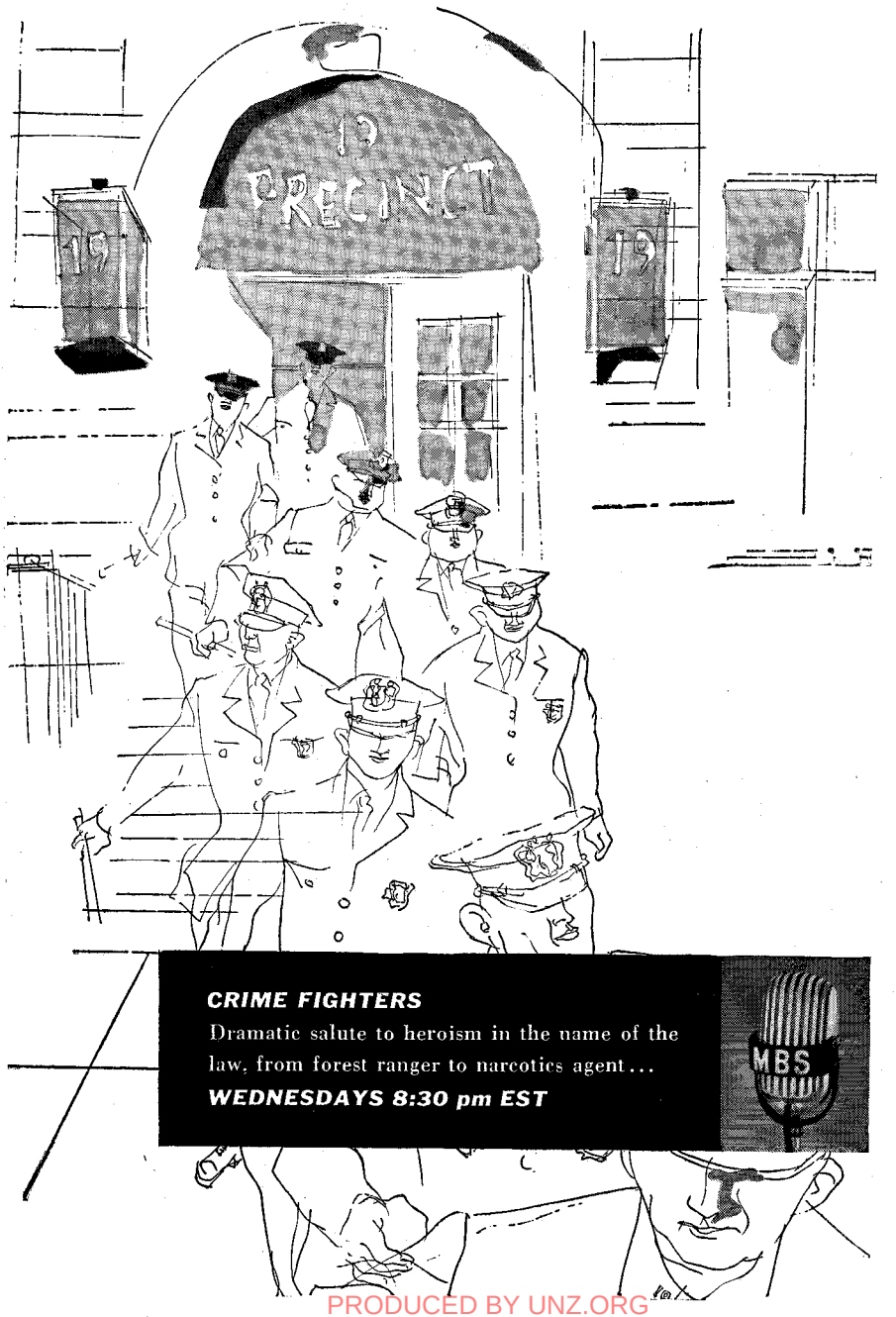

CRIME FIGHTERS

Dramatic salute to heroism in the name of the law, from forest ranger to narcotics agent...

WEDNESDAYS 8:30 pm EST

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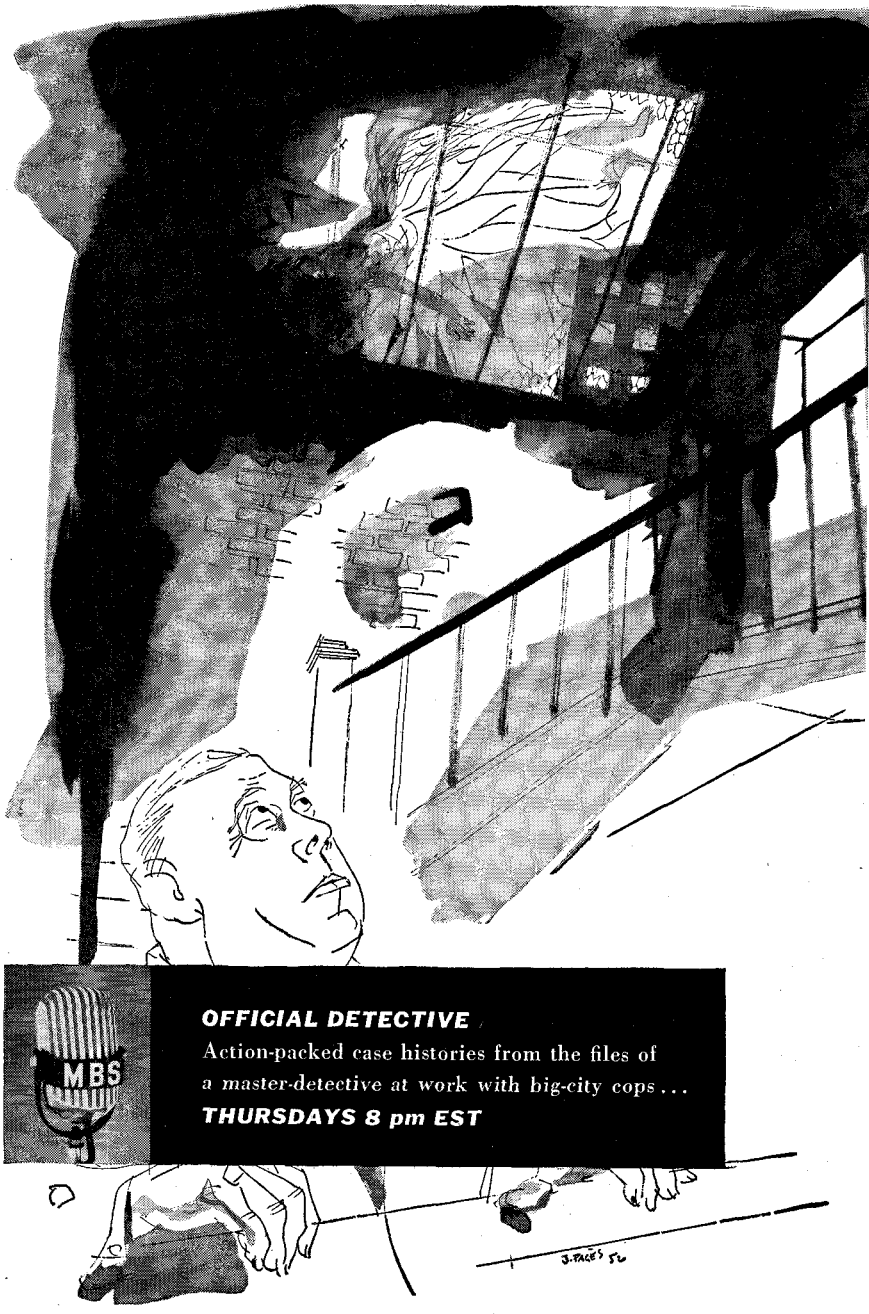
MBS
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE
Action-packed case histories from the files of
a master-detective at work with big-city cops . . .
THURSDAYS 8 pm EST

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JOHN STEELE, ADVENTURER
One man's successful flight from the bonds of routine, in globe-circling quest of danger...
THURSDAYS 8:30 pm EST
MBS

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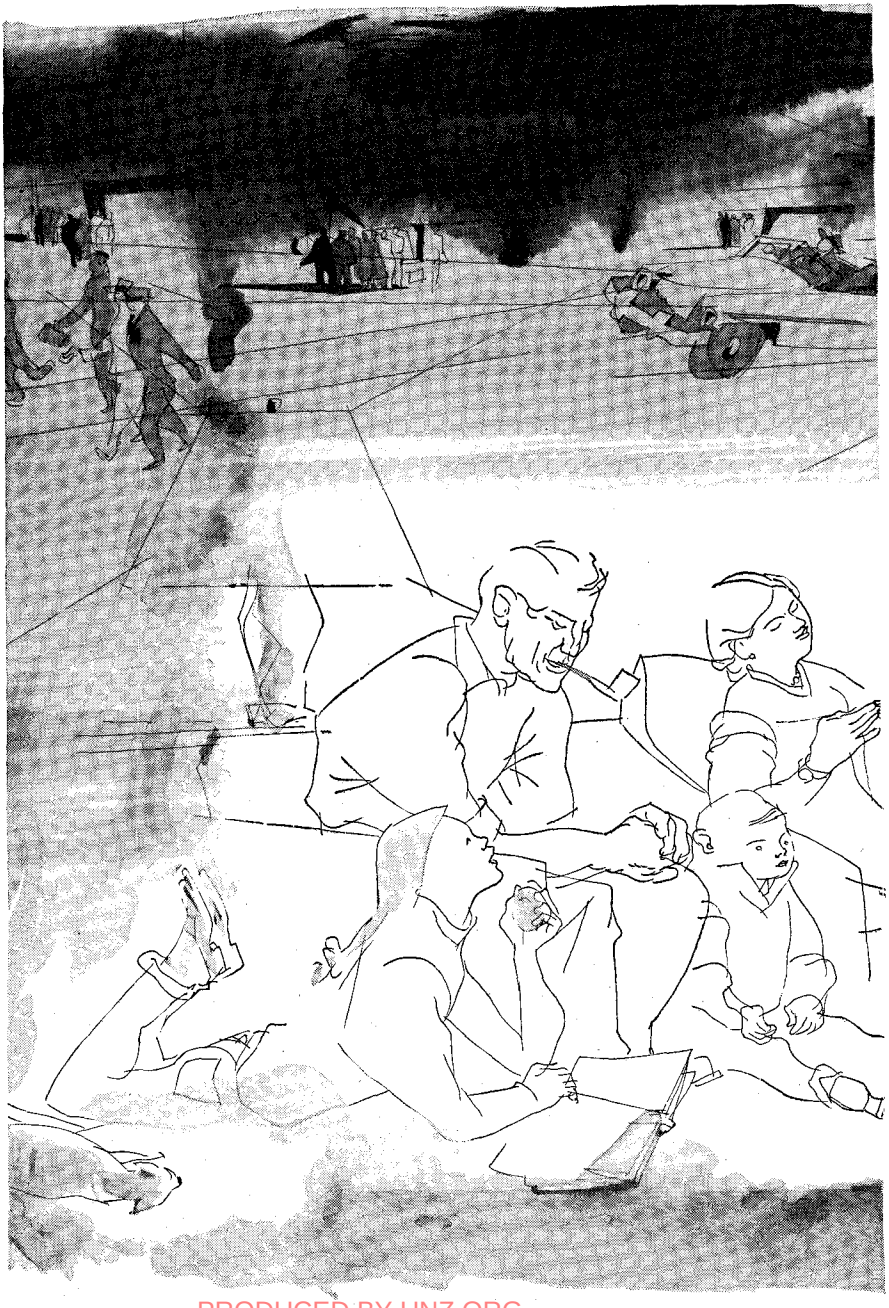

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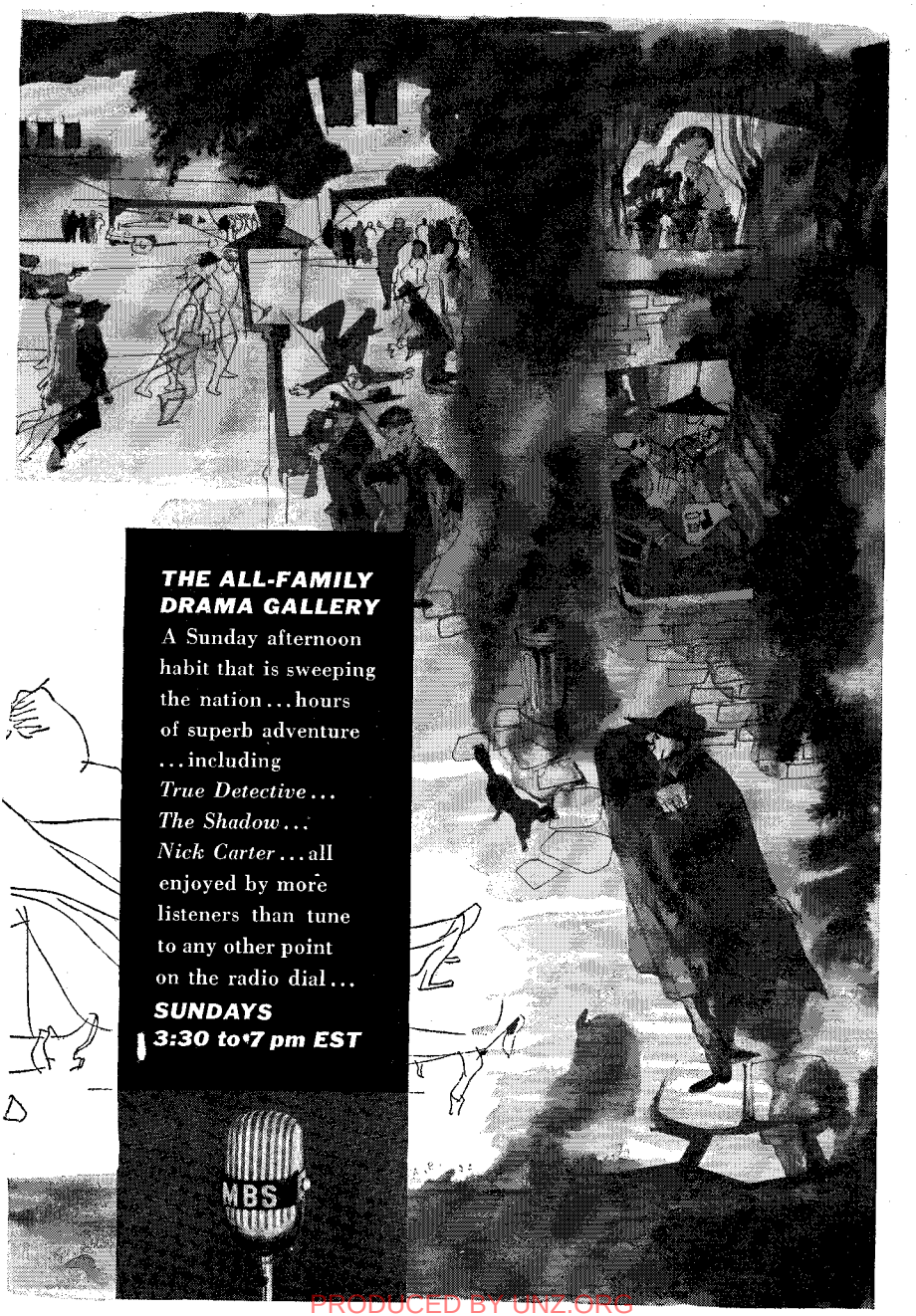
THE ALL-FAMILY
DRAMA GALLERY
A Sunday afternoon habit that is sweeping the nation... hours of superb adventure ...including *True Detective*... *The Shadow*... *Nick Carter*... all enjoyed by more listeners than tune to any other point on the radio dial...
SUNDAYS
3:30 to 7 pm EST
MBS

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the 560
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of the
MUTUAL

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The Little Brown Church

by TED MALONE

How a famous hymn came to be written in the days before the Civil War

THERE'S one hymn that everyone knows—"The Little Brown Church in the Vale." But do you know that you can actually go to the church in the wildwood? You can. There *is* such a church—in Cedar River valley, Iowa.

About 150 miles northeast of Des Moines, on Highway 346, a clump of cedar rises in a valley. There, in the heart of what folks call the wildwood, is the Little Brown Church.

It's just a plain clapboard edifice with a sturdy bell, but except for Sunday mornings, families on neighboring farms pay the bell no heed, because they know it's just ringing for another wedding.

In Iowa, the church is as famous for its weddings as the Little Church Around the Corner in New York. Couples come from all over the U. S. and Canada. One pastor, Mr. F. L. Hanscom, performed more than 5,500 marriage ceremonies between 1940 and 1952. His wife presided at the organ, and as each couple turned from the altar, she played the recessional—"The Little Brown Church in the Vale."

It's curious, but this song was composed years before the church was built, years before anyone even thought of building it.

One June afternoon in 1857, a young singing teacher, William Pitts, traveled by stagecoach through Cedar River valley. Near the village of Bradford, he saw a spot carpeted by wild flowers and shaded by majestic trees, and must have imagined a little brown church in the vale. When he went back to Wisconsin that Fall, he took up his quill and wrote a song. Then he put the song in his trunk and forgot about it.

Seven years later, he again journeyed to Bradford and to his astonishment, the song of his imagination had come true. There, just as he had pictured it, now stood a little brown church in the vale!

The amazing story of its building began in 1859, when the First Congregational Church of Bradford, called as pastor a young minister, J. K. Nutting. There was no church, so the small group worshipped in any building they could find. Then one day a piece of land was

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given to the congregation to build a little church of its own, "in the valley by the wildwood."

Soon after the foundation was laid, the Civil War broke out and work was discontinued for three years. Times were hard; but the minister wouldn't give up his dream of a home for his congregation.

He wrote a friend, pastor of a wealthy church in the East, about the struggle to build the little church. That minister retold it to his congregation, and they donated money for lumber, hardware, paint.

The members chose brown paint; it was cheapest, and it wore well. But the finest gift from the East was a bell with a magnificent tone —the first church bell in Chickasaw County.

In December 1864, the Little Brown Church was dedicated. That same Winter, the young singing teacher, Pitts, returned to Bradford, and one evening he took his singing class to the church. Under his arm was the almost forgotten manuscript of "The Little Brown Church in the Vale."

That evening he sang it for the small congregation for the first time, and by the time he came to the last chorus, everyone had joined in.

Since then, this hymn has captured the hearts of millions, and is destined to live on as one of America's great songs.

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Weighs only 3½ lbs. Packs easily in a suitcase; sits compactly on a table or desk.

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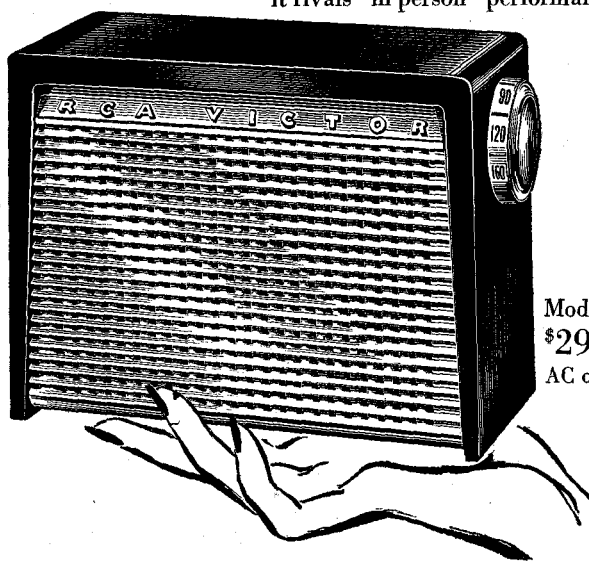

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RIDDLE OF THE RIDER

by CAROL BURKE

IN 1793, FRANCE DECLARED war on Great Britain. Slowly but confidently, England prepared to meet the challenge.

At Reading, on the training fields of a famous cavalry regiment, a veteran sergeant struggled valiantly to teach horsemanship to his recruits.

"How are they coming?" asked the captain. "Do you think that they will make the grade?"

"In a few months, sir," answered the sergeant, "they'll be fighting in France. Look, they're going through their paces now!"

The troopers rode across the field in good order. They moved as a team until, suddenly, one private lost his stirrup. He pitched abruptly forward over his horse's neck. The horse reared; the private struggled for a moment, then met the earth with a dull thud.

Discipline was shattered. The troopers guffawed as the luckless rider tottered to his feet. Limping, he led his mount toward the stable.

"Now there's a real cavalryman for you!" exclaimed the captain, unable to hold back a smile. "Who is he?"

Mournfully the sergeant replied, "He's Private Silas Tomkyn Cumberback, sir. He's always on the ground, sir. He doesn't get on like the other men."

Though the sergeant despaired of Cumberback, his fellow troopers liked their clumsy comrade. He bore their jokes with steady good humor. He told them long stories, and wrote their love letters to sweethearts at home. In return, they tried to keep Cumberback and his gear in military order.

"Who owns this rusty scabbard?" thundered the inspecting officer one day.

"Please, sir, is it very rusty?" queried a small voice from the ranks.

"*Very* rusty!" barked the officer.

"Then it must be mine," sighed the voice, stepping forward to identify itself as that of Cumberback.

A legend began to grow about the awkward trooper. He could not ride, but he had strange talents for an enlisted man. His comrades had seen him chalk a Latin quotation on a wall. He had corrected an officer who misquoted Euripides.

Who was he? Where had he come from? Perhaps he had been crossed in love, or maybe he was fleeing some crime.

One morning in the village, a young lieutenant from another regi-

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ment accosted Cumberback. "What's your name?" he snapped.

"Private Cumberback, sir," answered the soldier.

"You can't fool me," said the officer. "I know who you really are, and I intend to report you."

But Cumberback and the lieutenant never met again. The mystery was unsolved.

Finally, the captain transferred Cumberback from the hazards of the riding field to duty in sick bay, where for weeks he nursed a comrade sick with smallpox. One morning, when he was busy in the hospital, the captain entered. With him was a man in civilian clothes.

With a glance at Cumberback, the newcomer declared: "This is my youngest brother. He failed to win a scholarship at Cambridge, and skipped out. Someone told the college authorities he was here."

"Come on, Cumberback," said the captain. "You're discharged!"

That afternoon the runaway student walked out through the regiment's gates for the last time. He felt that he had failed in the Army, just as he had failed in school.

Yet, had Cumberback been allowed to go on with his military career, he might never have turned back to the world of imagination and books where he was to write such famous poems as "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" under his true name—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Heckle! Heckle!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was a man who enjoyed trimming hecklers down to size.

During the early days of our Republic, he spoke many times on that great document, the Constitution of the United States. After one such stirring speech, a loud-mouthed fellow rose and boldly walked a few steps toward the platform.

"Aw, them words don't mean nuthin' at all!" he shouted at Franklin. "Where's all that happiness you say it guarantees us?"

Franklin smiled at the speaker. And quickly, blandly, Old Ben replied, "My friend, the Constitution only guarantees the American people the right to *pursue* happiness. You have to catch up with it yourself!"

AFTER ONE of his hectic debates with Stephen A. Douglas, Abraham Lincoln sat for a while resting on the porch of the town's leading hotel.

Every chair was occupied, the railings and steps filled with loungers. Lincoln replied to the questions asked him, most of them polite, all of them political.

Then the inevitable heckler raised his voice from the darkness at the end of the veranda. "Say, Mr. Lincoln, that speech of yours was pretty fair, but there was some points you brung up that was beyond my reach. . . ."

Lincoln chuckled as he replied, "Well, sir, I'm right sorry for you; I once had a dog that had the very same trouble with fleas."

—STEPHEN MICHAELS

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Secret of the New "Outer-Look"...

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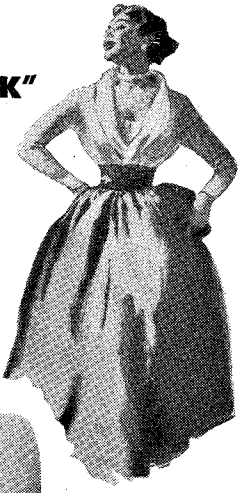

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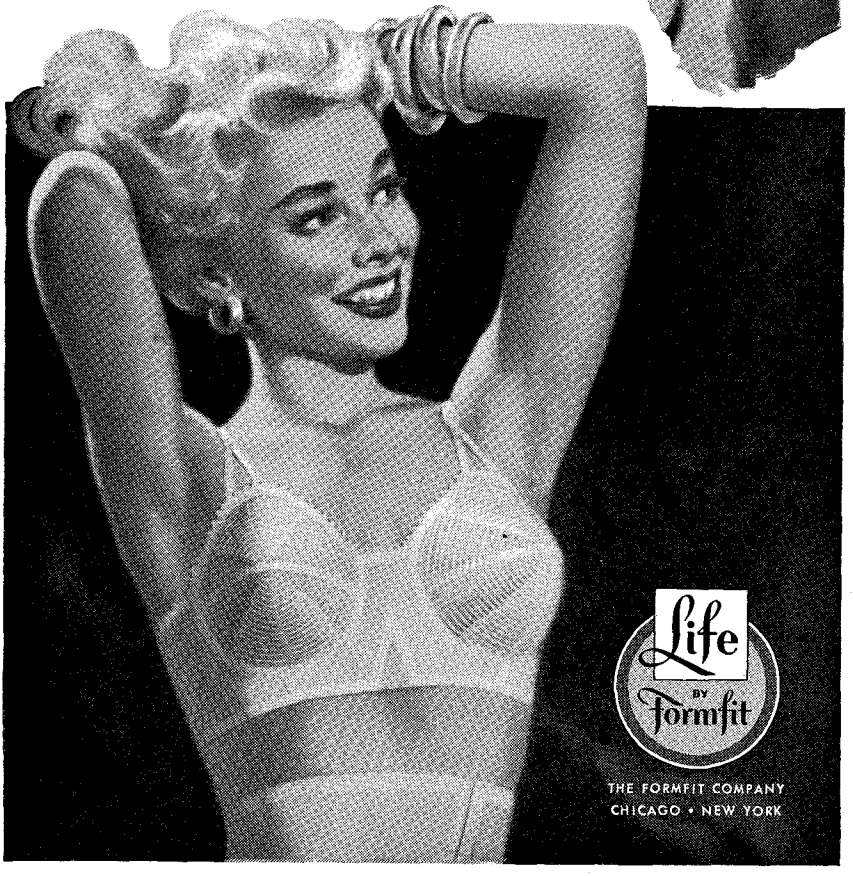

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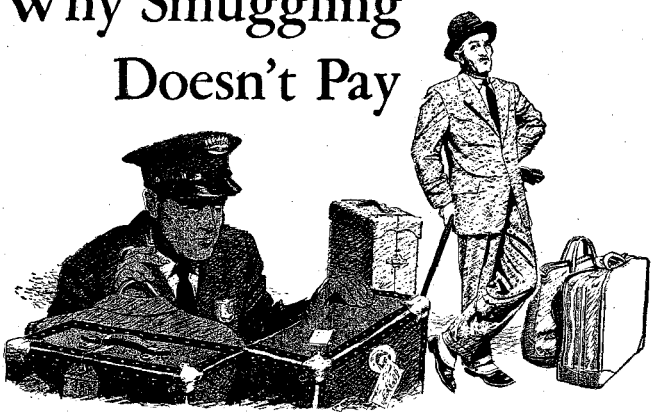
A customs official reveals . . .

Why Smuggling Doesn't Pay



by JOSEPH A. KENNEDY, *Supervisory Training Officer, U. S. Customs Service, Port of New York,*

as told to MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

FOR CENTURIES the international smuggler, often an ingenious, daring fellow, has been able to keep a step ahead of the law. But things are changing. Today, the big-time smuggler is beginning to meet his match in the specially trained customs inspector.

We're not doing it with scientific gadgets or new laws. We're doing it simply with a special application of everyday psychology. And it works: just ask any of the thousands of smugglers we have sent to jail.

For example, before World War II in London, there used to be an annual dance at which an unusual prize contest was featured. As the music began, it would be announced that five women present had prize cards in their purses. When the music stopped, the men who were dancing with these five women would collect valuable prizes.

The contest went on for three years before the dance sponsors decided to call it off. They had discovered that all the prizes were being won by customs inspectors who unfailingly guessed which women dancers had the cards.

The sixth sense that enables well-trained inspectors the world over to detect an amateur or professional smuggler was also useful in detecting which women were carrying the prize cards. In hundreds of small ways, the women gave themselves away—just as the professional and amateur smugglers often do.

Things would be easy for us if smugglers had a uniform pattern of

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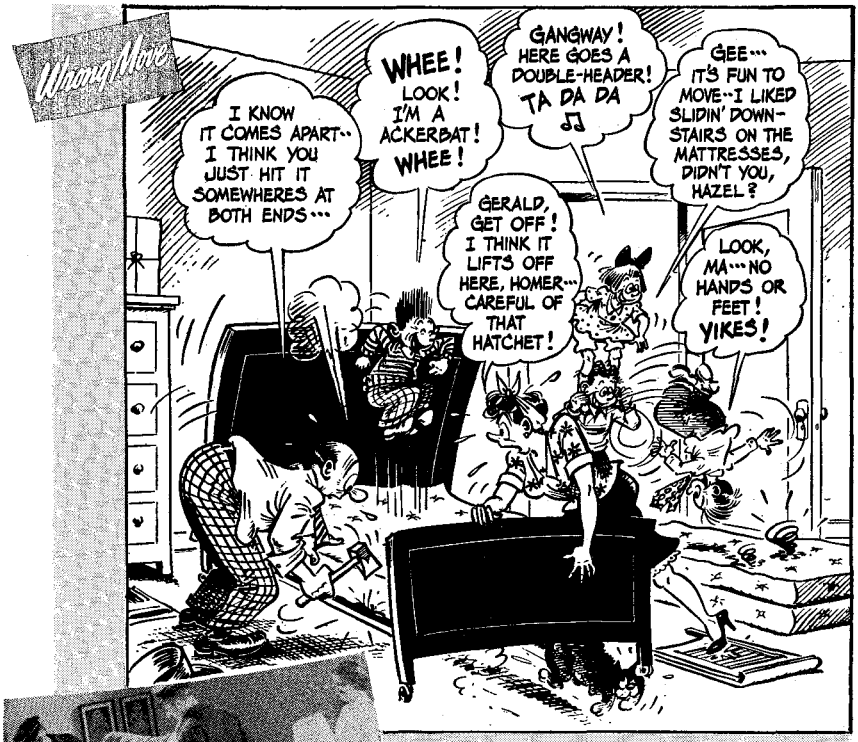
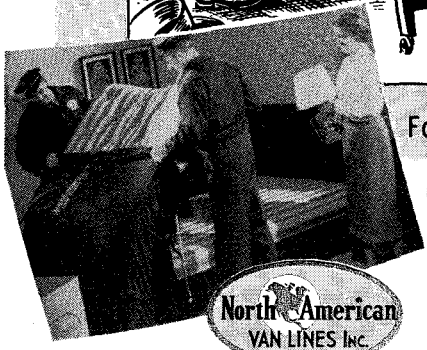

Warning! Move
I KNOW IT COMES APART-- I THINK YOU JUST HIT IT SOMEWHERES AT BOTH ENDS...
WHEE! LOOK! I'M A ACKERBAT! WHEE!
GANGWAY! HERE GOES A DOUBLE-HEADER! TA DA DA
GERALD, GET OFF! I THINK IT LIFTS OFF HERE, HOMER... CAREFUL OF THAT HATCHET!
GEE... IT'S FUN TO MOVE--I LIKED SLIDIN' DOWN-STAIRS ON THE MATTRESSES, DIDN'T YOU, HAZEL?
LOOK, MA... NO HANDS OR FEET! YIKES!

For the RIGHT MOVE



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"acting guilty." Unfortunately, they haven't. Many professional smugglers make a practice of being friendly, open and talkative when their baggage is being examined. But then, so do very many ordinary, honest citizens who have often been through customs.

At the Customs School in New York, we know that smugglers are often apt to make out fine, detailed declarations—omitting, of course, smuggled diamonds or drugs—but then we know, too, that teachers, missionaries and bookkeepers also make out letter-perfect declarations. It would be pointless, time-consuming and insulting if we automatically assumed that every schoolteacher or bookkeeper coming off a ship or plane needed special checking for that reason.

AMONG OTHER THINGS, the inspectors at Customs School learn how to spot a false bottom and how to detect the favorite hiding places used by the European cabinetmakers who specialize in making false compartments in wardrobe trunks. Our men learn that the smell of rotting potatoes is a warning signal; at customs inspections, it invariably means that hidden opium is nearby. They are taught, too, just what the duty is on 60,000 items, ranging from safety pins and maraschino cherries to corset clamps and cut diamonds. But even more important is the final thing we teach them.

At graduation time after the six-weeks course, I tell the inspectors that we have given them basic training in preparing themselves to be "human lie detectors." The regular lie detector registers a sudden change in breathing, blood pressure, heart movement and electrical charges of the skin, but our human lie detectors are trained to look for the tiny detail that just doesn't fit. A lot of offices put up wall signs with "Think" on them. We prefer the sign that says, "Why?" That's the question we want them to keep asking themselves when some detail just doesn't seem to fit during an inspection.

Smugglers are like actors trying to put over a difficult role. They must act as if they are ordinary tourists making full, honest declarations. It sounds like a simple performance but it isn't. In tiny, trifling gestures, in discordant notes in their patter, in mistakes in dress, sometimes even in the way they touch their luggage, they give themselves away because none of them is a perfect actor—thank God!

For example, there was the case of the tall Belgian woman who arrived at New York International Airport early in 1951. She was about 26 and fairly attractive. Yet from the moment he started going over her luggage, Inspector Joe T. Koehler knew there was something about her that jarred.

"It was a hunch," he said later, "and it stuck with me even after I couldn't find a thing in her luggage. Then, just as I was ready to okay her bags, I knew what it was. It was her shoes—and the fact that she wasn't wearing a ring."

She was a tall woman, yet she wore black wedgie shoes that made her at least 3½ inches taller.

"I figured that most tall women don't want to be so tall, particularly in Europe, where tall men are scarcer than here. And this woman didn't wear a wedding ring, which

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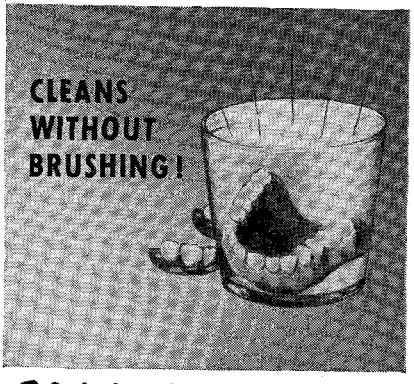

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nearly every wife does in Europe. Here she was, probably still single, going out of the way to make it harder for herself to find a man."

Joe Koehler had her go into a matron's room, and when they opened the heels of her shoes, out poured a shining stream of diamonds worth nearly $1,300,000! It was the largest single haul we have had in New York in a long time.

INSPECTOR JIM MCGOWAN was going through a cheap fiberboard suitcase one day in the customs shed and found nothing. He was about to close the case when a gnawing sixth sense that something was amiss alerted him.

He looked over the cheap suitcase again. A simple inside and outside measurement revealed there wasn't even the thinnest false bottom, while the fiberboard itself was so thin that nothing could be concealed there. But there was something: *Why should such an inexpensive cardboard suitcase have a rigid metal brace inside?*

The brace itself was probably more expensive than the suitcase. McGowan tapped it gently. Nothing. He tapped it at another point. Something rattled. Later, they found $200,000 worth of diamonds hidden inside the metal brace.

I remember the case of an immaculately dressed traveler (from the tip of pearl-gray spats to the top of his beautiful dark homburg, he was the picture of sartorial elegance) who attracted an inspector's attention only because the traveler would every now and then unobtrusively hitch up his trousers.

The inspector's sixth sense came into play: why should such an elegantly dressed chap have suspenders that didn't function properly? Obviously, there was something wrong with this picture. There was: a pound of narcotics was found in a money belt around his middle.

The smuggler not only has to outsmart our trained inspectors, but he also has to outwit an unseen opponent. Mingling with the crowd, listening carefully and observing, are members of our inspectress squad. Sometimes the men call them the "Lorgnette Squad," after one elderly veteran who used to mingle with the passengers while peering through her lorgnette anxiously in search of some baggage that never seemed to be around.

She was actually brushing against expensive fur coats. She could tell almost at a glance if the coat had been made and bought in Europe—which made it dutiable, of course—or whether it had merely been on a round trip from the U. S.

One day, one of our inspectresses was admiring a beautifully dressed woman when an inner alarm sounded in her mind. The coat, on closer inspection, seemed to lie a trifle awkwardly on the woman's body. It did, and for good reason. This woman smuggler had 42 fine Swiss watches sewn into the lining of her coat.

Unconscious gestures have given away many smugglers. There was the Brooklyn bridegroom who alighted from a trans-Atlantic plane last year. He had filled out a model declaration and his conduct seemed perfectly normal. Yet he caught an inspector's eye because of his odd, mincing walk.

As the inspector went through the man's luggage, he tried to an-

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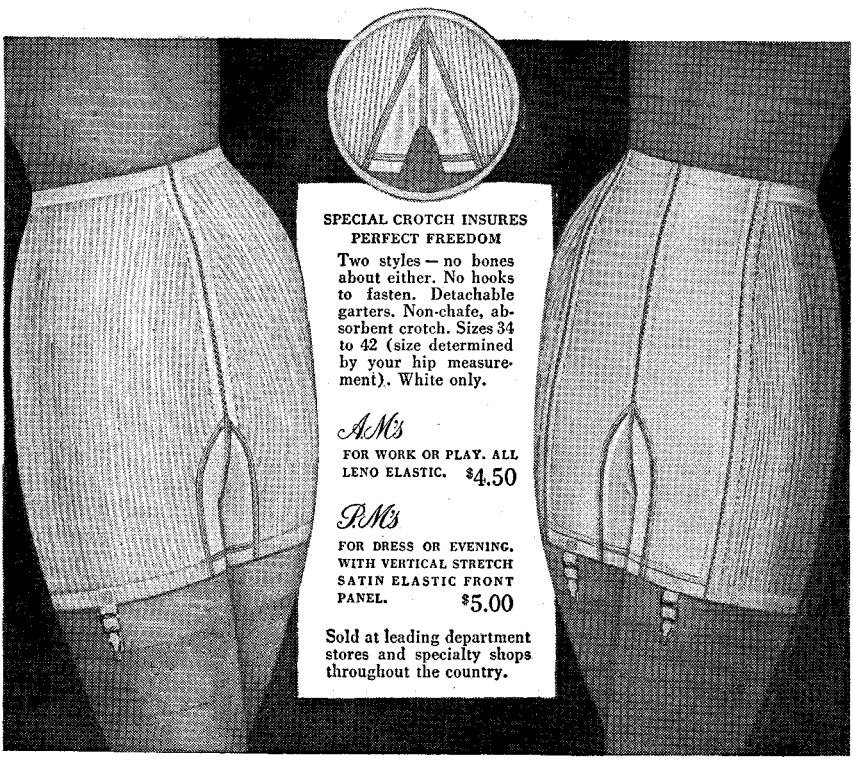

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alyze the walk and suddenly he knew what it was due to: the man was shifting all his weight to his toes so as to avoid treading heavily on his heels. Of course, it might be that he was wearing built-up shoes, but since he was fairly tall, this didn't seem reasonable. They found 1,000 carats of cut diamonds worth $560,000 in his specially made heels.

THE AMATEUR SMUGGLER is apt to be a woman, just as the professional is likelier to be a man. We know from experience that an amateur woman smuggler is apt to hide her undeclared bottle of perfume in her frilliest and pinkest lingerie, on the shrewd hunch that the customs inspector will be too embarrassed to look through her intimate underthings. He won't be. Courtesy is our watchword, but our duty is to get the duty.

Of course, there's less of that now, because a passenger who has been abroad at least 48 hours can now bring in up to $200 worth of foreign goods, duty free, and another $300 if he has remained at least 12 days. But every now and then, we get amateur smugglers of fine Italian lace who usually wrap it—yards of it—around their middle. The hidden lace makes the smuggler uneasy and uncomfortable, and in little ways she is apt to show it.

Incidentally, the smuggler who does somehow get past us on the dock needn't breathe a sigh of relief. All kinds of surprising sources, such as miffed friends, jealous relatives, disgruntled maids and divorced spouses have an annoying habit of reporting violators to customs. Smugglers can be arrested any time within five years of the date the offense is discovered.

The professionals give us bigger headaches, of course. One of the biggest seizures of marijuana ever made on a passenger liner came about because a seaman was noticed reading a magazine that a customs inspector didn't think he should be reading.

We had a tip that $40,000 worth of the drug was aboard, but after hours of checking and searching, we couldn't find the stuff. Then one of our men noticed something that made him think. Several crew members were reading in the passenger salon area, which in itself wasn't suspicious since crew members often came there after passengers left the ship. What did make the inspector think twice was the fact that while most of the seamen were reading comic books or glancing through picture magazines, one of them was seemingly absorbed in a Federal Reserve Bank bulletin.

From time to time the inspector looked at the page and noted that the seaman didn't move from the page in more than an hour. That did it. They had all the seamen stand up, and stashed away under the upholstery of a sofa they found ten bags of marijuana.

One of the cleverest and shrewdest smuggling stunts ever pulled in New York had such a good gimmick that I've seen it used on at least two TV shows since. Like all great schemes, this one was beautifully simple.

The man spent most of his time crossing the Atlantic. He always managed to get the same cabin on the ship or one nearby, so that in effect he had what amounted to

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almost permanent quarters aboard the huge liner. He was a seemingly respectable merchant, doing a large export-import business which would explain frequent trips. No one greeted him when he arrived, but whenever he left, he always had a small going-away party attended by his two business associates.

Then one inspector started wondering why no one greeted this much-traveled businessman when he arrived. Wouldn't his associates be much more interested in knowing what he had accomplished on his trip as soon as he arrived in New York? Yet why did they show up only when he was *leaving?*

The inspector decided it would be worth while to look through the stateroom which the businessman usually reserved on B deck. He and a fellow inspector went through the room and in a carefully concealed hole in the bathroom, they found $100,000 worth of cut diamonds. Pictures were taken of the hoard and it was put back.

That night, when the two business associates of the much-traveled smuggler were leaving the ship, they were stopped, searched, and the diamonds found on them, of course. They were counting on the fact that no one ever bothered to check visitors who were leaving a ship after a farewell party.

But they hadn't counted on the fact that a curious customs inspector would wonder why no one was ever at the pier to greet the smuggler when he arrived!

Savoir Faire

THREE FRENCHMEN were discussing the meaning of savoir faire. The first explained: "If you come home and discover your wife in another man's arms and you say 'Excuse me,' that's savoir faire."

"No, no," said another who was slightly older than the first, "that is not quite right. Savoir faire is if you come home and find your wife in another man's arms and you say calmly 'Excuse me, proceed.' That's savoir faire."

The third Frenchman was still older and wiser, and he shook his head in disagreement. "No, my sons," he said gravely, "neither of you quite understands the correct meaning. If you come home one evening and discover your wife in the arms of another man and you calmly say 'Excuse me, proceed;' and he proceeds, then *he* has savoir faire."

—*Voo Doo*

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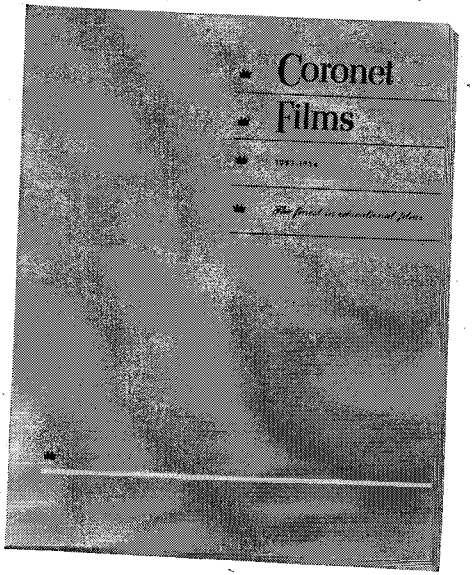

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What Future for Maria and Nicola?

WHAT future for Maria, aged 4, and Nicola, aged 7? Home is a hut . . . light and air come through the door. Their bed is the earthen floor on which dirty rags are spread at night. Dinner may be a scrap of bread . . . dandelion greens. No mother or father to take care of them . . . to dry a tear, to pat them gently, to scold and kiss.

Maria and Nicola lost both parents during rebel action in Greece. They live with their grandmother, now too old and worn to work. She spends her waking hours in search of food in the nearby hills . . . not even a weed can grow in the barren soil around their hut.

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Funds are needed desperately for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, artificial eyes, that the children who have suffered so cruelly may have the necessary aids to give them some comfort, hope and love. Your help is not only vital to a child struggling for life itself—but also toward world understanding and friendship. Your help can mean—and do—so much. Won't you share with one of them, please, and let some child love you?

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Stranger in the Classroom

VISITING HIS childhood schoolhouse brought back many happy memories to Henry Roulstone. Nothing had changed. Even Miss Polly Kimball was still there, teaching youngsters as once she had taught him. Smilingly, Roulstone watched the pupils as they coped with their lessons.

Suddenly a strange sound occurred in the rear of the class. Puzzled, Roulstone leaned forward. He could have sworn he heard *hoofbeats!*

Miss Kimball was annoyed. Her keen eyes spotted a little girl trying to hide something under her desk. "Mary Elizabeth Sawyer!" Miss Kimball exclaimed. "Come here!"

Trembling, the girl approached. At her heels trudged her pet, its bright eyes surveying the room, its black nose sniffing the air.

"This is a schoolhouse, not a farmyard," Miss Kimball scolded the girl.

"I know, ma'am," Mary Sawyer said. "And I'm sorry. But its mother went off and left it, and it was so lonely. I just couldn't leave it at home."

A boy giggled. Immediately the room filled with laughter. Miss Kimball smiled. Embarrassed and close to tears, Mary Sawyer led her pet away.

That night, Roulstone remembered the strange guest in the schoolhouse. Amused, he wrote a poem about it. Next day he returned to the school and saw that Mary Sawyer was still the victim of her classmates' jokes. She stood alone, nearly in tears, when he approached her.

"Here's something I've written for you," he said.

Hesitantly she unfolded the paper. Then she read the poem which Henry Roulstone composed to make a tearful little girl smile again. It began:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."

—GLENN D. KITTLER

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER DIMITRI

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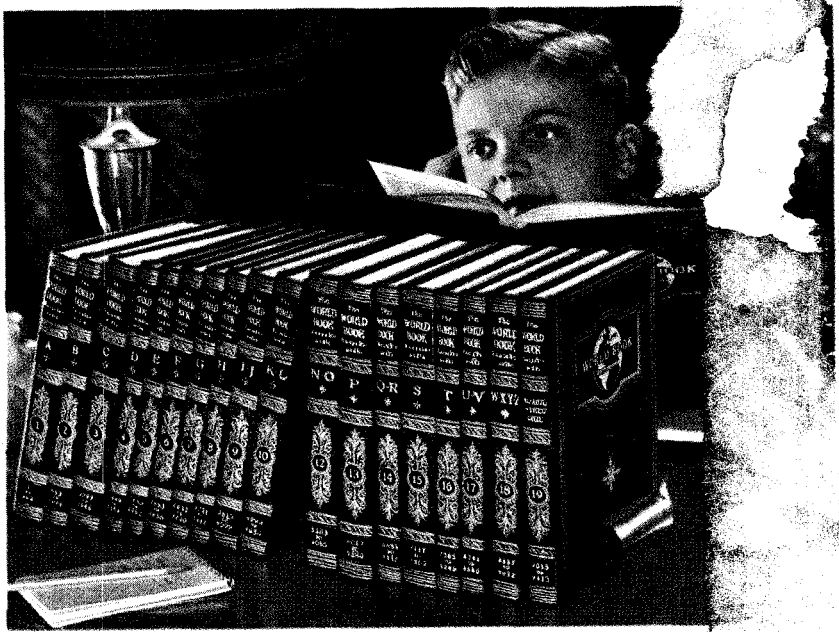

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